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The Great Powers and the Big Lie

IT is a grave thing to accuse a Foreign Secretary of deliberately misleading his own people. It is with the greatest reluctance, therefore, and only after the most careful re-examination of the documents, that we make this charge against Mr. Eden. We accuse him of misrepresenting the latest Soviet Note in order to create the impression that while the Western Powers are anxious for a Four-Power Conference without preconditions, the Russians have laid down preconditions and so torpedoed it.

Deception reached a climax last week-end, when Mr. Molotov took the unprecedented step of holding a press conference, in order to explain what the Note really meant. At this conference, he categorically and repeatedly denied that his attitude to a Four-Power conference is negative. His remarks were fully reported in *The Times*, but were brushed off in a leading article which blandly re-affirmed that the Note contained unacceptable preconditions. The Foreign Office, the State Department and the Quai D'Orsay were equally abrupt. Acting with a celerity they have not always displayed in replying to the Kremlin, they drafted a terse Note over the week-end which repeated the charge that the Russians had made a conference impossible.

Why have these remarkable procedures been adopted? Why did Mr. Eden tell the House of Commons that the Russians have laid down intolerable preconditions when their Note in fact includes no preconditions? Why do the British newspapers suppress the text of the Note? Why, when Mr. Bevan protests against this suppression, does a commentator of Mr. Cummings's eminence retort that one can't be expected to bother the British public with the full text?

The reason, we fear, is both simple and discreditable. The strategy of Cold War demands that the British people should be deceived. Immediately after Sir Winston's speech of May 11, the decision was taken in Washington—and accepted in London and Paris—that no talks with the Communists should take place which would disturb pre-determined Cold War plans of the Western Powers. The Americans are willing to talk but only on three conditions. The talks must not affect either (1) their recognition of Chiang Kai-shek's regime as the Government of China, or (2) their alliance with Syngman Rhee or (3) their plans for rearming Western Germany. The truth, indeed, about the long exchange of Notes, now ended, is that it is the Western Powers who have laid down three preconditions, which they knew to be unacceptable. It is the Western Powers, therefore, who have torpedoed the conference. Finally, it is the Western Powers who have adopted the propaganda device, first developed by Adolf Hitler, of attributing to their enemy the dubious tactics they themselves have chosen to employ.

Are these charges exaggerated? Let us examine them in detail. Two suggestions have been made for a general conference on ways of easing the deadlock. Sir Winston proposed high-level talks between Heads of States, and Mr. Molotov, in reply, suggested a Five-Power Conference to discuss "measures for reducing international tension." There can be no doubt who torpedoed these proposals. Mr. Dulles turned down the Five-Power Conference, because he is not prepared to sit at a round table with Chou En-lai; and, according to Sir Winston, it was Mr. Dulles again who aborted the British initiative. Both Sir Winston's and Mr. Molotov's proposals have run up against American preconditions.

Turn now to the proposals for negotiations on a single topic. It can hardly be maintained that it was Russian or Chinese preconditions which stalled the Korean Peace Conference. On the contrary, it was Mr. Dulles who dragooned his major allies into insisting on a two-sided conference and the exclusion of neutrals, including India. To this day, Mr. Dean, in the futile talks at Panmunjom, is still postponing the conference by these preconditions.

What then of Germany? This was the one subject which Mr. Dulles, Mr. Bidault

and Lord Salisbury at Bermuda decided was suitable for a Four-Power Conference. Their reason for selecting it was clear. They realised that until such a Conference had failed to reach agreement (or alternatively until they could make it look as though the Russians had refused to come) there was no chance of persuading the French Assembly to ratify E.D.C. Mr. Molotov therefore was invited to Lugano, but only after Mr. Dulles and Mr. Eden had made it plain that nothing which could happen there would alter their determination to rearm Western Germany and integrate it into the Atlantic Defence system.

Both in his Note and at his Press Conference, Mr. Molotov called attention to this problem. After repeating his willingness to join in a Five-Power Conference on World problems and a Four-Power Conference on Germany, he went on to ask whether the Western Powers were determined to rearm Western Germany, even while the Conference was still sitting. In fact, so far from laying down his own preconditions, he merely inquired whether Mr. Eden and Mr. Dulles were insisting on theirs. The only possible reply to this query would have been: "Yes, we are." But, since such a reply would have outraged public opinion in France and Britain, the three Foreign Secretaries took refuge in diplomatic fraud.

Does this mean that, while the Western Powers are anxious to postpone a Conference, the Russians really want one? Perhaps not; but speculation is a waste of time. The only objective answer is that we do not know, because we have denied ourselves the chance of finding out. It is impossible to know what Mr. Molotov would have done if our approach had been different. One thing is certain. The men who smothered the Churchill peace initiative and who are now obstructing the conferences on Korea and Germany are not in Moscow, but in Washington; and their accomplices are Sir Winston's colleagues in Downing Street.

Mr. Truman Strikes Back

In his broadcast on Monday night, Mr. Truman forcefully defended himself against the charge that he "promoted" Harry Dexter White, knowing him to be a spy. Unable, once White's nomination had been approved by the Senate, to dismiss him without some public reason or without thus warning White that he was suspect, he chose instead to keep him under strict Security surveillance. This fact was, somewhat reluctantly, confirmed by Mr. Hoover of the F.B.I., who was at pains to assure the Senate Internal Security Committee that he was never a party to any "agreement" to maintain Mr. White in office—a decision that, in any case, was not within the province of the F.B.I. So far, Mr. Truman seems to have had the best of this squalid controversy; it has been shown beyond doubt that the Attorney-General dragged up the White case for purely partisan reasons. Mr. Brownell, in fact, now seems to be very much on the defensive. His statement on Tuesday shows that, in 1945-6, at least, the F.B.I. allegations against White were little more than the statement that he was "an adjunct" of the Soviet spy ring, who had been making information available "to persons outside the Government who had access to Soviet agents." On this basis, it would seem more accurate to describe White—whose career is described by Norman MacKenzie on a later page—as a "security risk" rather than a "spy." Even if further proof against White should now be uncovered, the plot to blow up Mr. Truman has misfired, and the Republicans must make what they can of the much more general and usual charge that the Truman Administration "harboured" known Communists.

Mr. Truman, however, was not content merely to defend himself. In denouncing the demagogy of Mr. Brownell, he made his most biting attack on the Eisenhower Administration, which "has fully embraced, for political advantage, McCarthyism." This "horrible cancer," he said, "is eating at the vitals of America," and he appealed to Americans to "fight this evil at every level of our national life." If this attempt to smear Mr. Truman has done nothing else, it should make millions in the U.S. realise, perhaps for the first time, that the witch-hunt is a "terrible danger" to American liberty, and that the witch-hunters now have declared allies among President Eisenhower's official family.

Engineers' Wages

The engineers have been blowing up for trouble for some time past—ever since the reiterated rejection of their wage claim by the Employers' Federations. On Monday the A.E.U.'s National Committee, which is, in fact, a conference of rank-and-file delegates, decided in favour of a one-day protest strike—or, rather, of recommending this course to the Shipbuilding and Engineering Confederation, of which the A.E.U. is by far the largest unit. This form of protest was approved in preference to a strike proper, and also as against either reference to arbitration or a general ban on overtime, which would be difficult to enforce. It is, indeed, a midway course between arbitration and a head-on trial of strength. The A.E.U. was presumably conscious that, in the Confederation, the Transport and General and the General and Municipal Workers' unions would argue the case for arbitration; but Monday's resolution was calculated to get the backing of most of the skilled workers' unions—some of which favour an even more militant policy. The skilled engineers are not at all hopeful of the outcome of arbitration, and not at all disposed to accept a total rebuff. They are still hoping to get an offer from the employers without having to declare a strike proper; and the way of action they have chosen is meant to make plain to the employers that they will not take "No" for an answer, while indicating their reluctance to upset the national economy by an all-out strike. Protest strikes of this sort are unusual in this country; but they have long been common on the Continent. It is nonsense to connect them, as some commentators have been doing, with Communism. They were a regular weapon of Continental Trade Unionism long before Communism was heard of; and the engineers' case for a wage advance is intrinsically strong

The Devil and the B.B.C.

In claiming that its "typically British" plan for commercial television embodies the merits of private enterprise while exorcising the devil of "sponsored" vulgarity, the Government is guilty of nauseous hypocrisy. The programme companies, who will rent facilities from the Corporation owning the stations, will be completely dependent on the patronage of advertisers; and, in the nature of things, their clients will be predominantly firms selling popular articles for mass consumption. Advertisers' pressure in favour of the lowest common denominator of entertainment will be just as effective as if they sponsored the programmes instead of indirectly financing them. On the other hand, should any enterprising programme company decide to indulge in originality, it will find that the directive and powers of the controlling Corporation are such as to keep it strictly confined within the timid, respectable conformity of the B.B.C. Heterodoxy will be as much at a discount as ever. Both for State monopoly and real private enterprise—within the limits of public decency—a case can be made; the arguments on both sides are stated admirably in the current issue of *The Political Quarterly*, which has devoted a special number to this subject. The ill-favoured compromise which the Government has fathered succeeds remarkably in achieving the worst of both worlds.

Mr. Blundell's Policy

Mr. Michael Blundell, leader of the elected Kenya settlers, has at last stepped down from the fence. He has repudiated the policy of the extreme settler group, who have now formed themselves into a White Highlands Party, and who will, no doubt, continue to demand, as they have for a generation, that this tiny White minority should not only monopolise political rights in Kenya, but should do so without control from Whitehall. Mr. Blundell is more realistic: he understands the dependence of the Colony on the British Treasury. The settlers are now divided much as they used to be in South Africa—the extreme group demanding, in effect, permanent serfdom for Africans, and a larger party, led by Mr. Blundell, advocating the Smuts policy of bringing Asians and Africans, some day, into an undefined form of "partnership." Neither Asians nor Africans are likely to be satisfied. Mr. Blundell's emphasis on increased European immigration and the restriction on the entry of other peoples, the indefinite postponement of measures to give even the beginning of political rights in local or central government to Africans, and the absence of any clear programme of economic change—all these mean that, even when Mau Mau is crushed, the struggle between Europeans and Africans is likely to continue. Indeed, the unpleasant news that Lincoln heavy bombers are now to play their part in the military campaign against the Mau Mau must surely increase the duration of the bitterness. It is, however, something for which we must be grateful that Mr. Blundell and his followers, who represent the large majority of Europeans in Kenya, have repudiated the South African outlook, and have

accepted, at least in words, a philosophy which should ultimately lead to African self-government.

Honourable Ping

Burmese delegates in New York are making sure that the U.N. is not tricked by "Honourable Ping"—the pseudonym of General Li Mi used in documents captured by the Burmese from Kuomintang troops in the Shan States and presented to the United Nations. Honourable Ping is committed by his Government in Formosa to evacuate 2,000 (out of 12,000) troops by December 10. So far, his efforts seem aimed rather at improving his military organisation by getting rid of ineffectives than at any real evacuation. On the first day, the evacuees were mainly old, disabled or sick, a liability to any General. They assembled at Tachilek in the presence of the U.S. Ambassador to Siam, the Three-Nation Committee (American, Siamese and Formosan officers) *plus* Burmese officers, who remained silent spectators. Over the Siamese border, Honourable Ping met them; he passed them on to the airstrip where General Chennault's aircraft awaited them, with new uniforms sent by Chiang Kai-shek and specially tinned Chinese meals for their 48-hour trip to Taipeh. On the second day, evacuees included 38 Burmese Shans with Shan tattoo marks and speaking only Shan. They admitted that the K.M.T. had recruited them only a few days before—an admission which proved the farce of Honourable Ping's evacuation. When the Burmese objected, it was suspended, and it has only now been resumed after the Chinese assurance that they would not attempt any further evacuation of Burmese citizens. For some time the Siamese Government refused Burmese officers facilities to visit the air-strip and observe embarkation. This week, that embargo has been lifted; but even so, the Burmese Government is extremely sceptical whether all evacuees will be flown to Formosa. The U.N. needs to be far tougher if Honourable Ping is not to circumvent their resolution.

WASHINGTON

The Negro's Status

Our Washington Correspondent writes: Two recent reports have thrown fresh light on the complex social setting in which the segregation of Negroes in public schools is soon to be tested before the Supreme Court. Seventeen Southern States enforce segregation from kindergarten through the universities. Now, at last, Negro jurists are challenging the Supreme Court's compromise of "separate but equal" educational opportunity for Black and White.

Inequalities remain so widespread, despite much headway against them, that years of enlightenment and litigation will be needed to surmount them. There has, however, been a conspicuous advance in uprooting bigotry, as the Negro president of Howard University in Washington, D.C., Mordecai W. Johnson, described in a recent broadcast. At the turn of the century State-supported colleges in the U.S. had only 400 Negro students. Private colleges and universities accounted for another 2,500. As late as 1939 a third of the South lacked the standard four-year High school facilities for Negro youth.

Within a generation, attendance of Negroes at higher educational institutions in the U.S. has trebled. In the past decade it has leapt from 48,000 to 75,000. Between 1930 and 1950 enrollment of Negroes in High schools rose from 112,000 to 338,000. Dr. Johnson predicts that in much less than another generation the number of Negroes at American colleges and universities will increase to 225,000 and at High schools will exceed 500,000. Meanwhile, twelve States are now admitting Negroes to graduate and professional schools, until lately entirely shut to them.

Besides the numerical growth of Negro students, more dents are being made in the ramparts of segregation. The city of Louisville, Kentucky, also once a slave State, abandoned the segregated municipal college for Negroes, brought Negro students into the city's "White" college and placed Negro sociologists on the faculty. In the dormitories and dining halls of Southern colleges, more and more Negroes are being accepted. In Missouri, the Roman Catholic church opened St. Louis university to Negroes, put Negroes on its medical faculty, eliminated segregation in the parochial school and abandoned the buildings where Negro congregations had worshipped. When some 500 citizens threatened to sue the presiding Archbishop, he warned Catholics among them they would be excommunicated. They didn't sue.

A second survey has dealt with employment of Negroes in the textile and tobacco industries of the Carolinas, Virginia and Kentucky. It is the work of a committee of the National Planning Association, a private body. This group of honest and competent Southerners investigated 108 separate establishments in the upper South. Their interviews covered the very considerable total of 105,000 workers, of whom about 17,000 were Negroes. The report underlines "the tenacity of the colour lines" in the industries surveyed. The most disturbing feature, it says, is the difficulty Negroes face in securing advancement in their employment. The great majority of Negro employees holds unskilled or "dirty" semi-skilled jobs. In the firms studied, the division of labour between White and Negro workers has remained fixed at least since 1940. The Negro's ability to bargain with the employer is weaker than the White man's because fewer alternative positions are open to him.

Negroes are totally excluded from clerical or executive employment in White-managed firms. Almost all Negro workers are supervised by Whites. Hiring and firing is left to White foremen. Members of the two races are virtually never engaged alongside one another in identical operations. Employers, the report states, hold back from "upgrading" Negro employees owing to fear of incidents. That same fear explains why textile mill owners restrict to ten per cent. the ratio of Negro employees in a region with an immense Negro population. Among 70 textile mills examined in the Carolinas and Virginia, less than 8 per cent. of the labour force is Negro.

Segregation may be due to the trade unions as much as to the employers. Ironically, the unions' success in improving wage rates and other working conditions has hurt the Negroes. Such gains make the jobs more alluring to White workers and reduce the employers' incentive to introduce Negro work groups. The report points to a little known but major obstacle to Negro workers' advancement in the great textile industry of the South. Whenever a shortage of labour occurs, the employer hires White women before Negro men. And there is an abundance of female workers in most of the Southern textile centres. A sampling in South Carolina reveals that between 1940 and 1950 the share of total employment going to women rose five per cent., while Negro employment increased by less than one per cent.

PARIS

Civil Liberties and the Budget

Our Paris Correspondent writes: The committee appointed to inquire into the lifting of the Parliamentary immunity of five Communist leaders recently made its report. The charge against the deputies was "undermining the morale of the troops in Indo-China"; and, had their immunity been suspended, they would have been liable for trial in a military court. The committee, however, rejected the Government's demand. When the report was presented to the Assembly, a Government-sponsored motion to suspend immunity, and a further motion to refer the matter back to committee, were both defeated by narrow majorities. This, presumably, is the last we shall hear of the matter.

This debate served as a prelude to what may well be a prolonged skirmish in the field of civil liberties. The recent decision to disqualify five candidates for the entrance examination to the senior branch of the civil service, on the grounds that they were proclaimed Communists, had been badly received, even by Government supporters. The matter has already been raised twice in the Assembly, and a number of M.R.P. and Gaullist deputies have made it clear that they disapprove strongly of the Government's attitude, though they are not prepared, at this juncture, to carry their disapproval to a vote. The responsibility for the decision has been laid, rightly or wrongly, at the door of the Minister of the Interior, M. Martinaud-Deplat, whose authoritarian methods have been the subject of much criticism, not least among members of his own party, the Radicals. M. Déplat recently made a speech in which he castigated the student quarter of St. Germain des Prés as a haunt of fellow-travellers and homosexuals, "where political and sexual divergencies go hand-in-hand." This speech, besides providing excellent copy for *Le Canard Enchaîné*, further reinforced the belief that M. Déplat is aspiring after the mantle of Senator McCarthy.

In the midst of this conspiratorial atmosphere, M. Edgar Faure introduced the new Budget which, thanks to a fresh slice of American aid for Indo-China, is a reduction on this year's. There is still, however, no sign that it will be a balanced one, and M. Faure, who increasingly resembles a sort of twentieth-century Necker, presented it with an air of apology. It was not, he said, a very satisfactory Budget, and could not be expected to provide a real solution to the country's fiscal problems; nevertheless, he earnestly hoped the Assembly would pass it before Christmas—otherwise the situation would become even worse.

The speech was received in an atmosphere which can only be described as icy, and the Assembly gave no sign that it was prepared to gratify M. Faure's wish. Since then, his hopes have receded still further. The announcement, last week, that M. Laniel is to attend the Bermuda Conference only a few days before he is due to resign, produced an explosion of indignation, especially among the Gaullists, and the Government was saved only after an entire night of frantic negotiations. The whole of this week is being devoted to foreign affairs, and the debate may serve to crystallise latent antagonisms within the majority bloc. In view of this, the Assembly cannot be expected to devote much time to financial matters between now and Christmas. In any case, there is a general feeling that, during the final month of its existence, the Laniel Government should act purely in a caretaker capacity and should not initiate new policy. As the *Express* put it: "The postponement of the burial service should not be allowed to obscure the fact that the Government is dead."

Some Advice to the Left

WHAT, in the light of the conditions put forward in my article last week, is Socialist policy to be? It looks as if we have to expect from the next Labour Government, even if it has behind it a substantial parliamentary majority, no really large advance towards either Socialism or the achievement of the Welfare State—the first because *Challenge to Britain* excludes it, and the second because it cannot be afforded until economic recovery has been achieved. Of course, there can be *some* further socialisation (including re-socialisation) and also *some* improvement in the social services and some further taxation of capital and profits. But major operations in all these fields seem to be ruled out—apart, of course, from the gradual fulfilment of commitments already entered into in respect of such matters as housing, education and health. The prevailing attitude among Party as well as trade union leaders appears to be that further large advances towards Socialism and social justice must be put off until socialisation can be ventured upon even in face of business opposition and lack of "confidence," and until more welfare can be provided out of a larger divisible product.

For Socialists, this is as depressing an outlook as it is welcome to those who are trying to turn the Labour Party back to the old-style Liberalism out of which it emerged. But at what positive point can the Socialist register dissent? It is hardly disputable on any rational basis either that the claims of economic recovery are urgent, or that they involve a high rate of investment and a damping down of total consumption to what we can afford to import after meeting the cost of the materials needed to keep our industries employed. The balance-of-payments situation is no doubt temporarily easier because of the fall in the price of materials; but there are few who feel confident that this situation will continue or that, if it does, we shall find it easy to sell enough exports to remain "in the clear." The greatly stiffened resistance to wage-advances, though partly the outcome of Labour's loss of power and popular support, is also due to a real tightening of conditions in the world market, as the re-entry of German and Japanese competition has coincided with a reduction in the flow of American aid; and both these factors are likely to become more adverse. It is unquestionably true that increased productivity is for Great Britain a major necessity, and that no Government could follow at present a policy that would stand in the way of bringing it about.

Moreover, it is true that in our quarter-socialised economy and much less than one-quarter-socialised class-structure, whatever undermines capitalist confidence is bound to affect production adversely. As the capitalist class and its middle-class backers, who are well entrenched in most of the managerial positions, can hardly be expected to put any confidence in Socialist policies, this creates a very awkward situation. But, it may well be asked, if this is the case, how was it that production recovered so well while the Labour Party was pursuing a relatively aggressive Socialist policy between 1945 and 1950? The answer is that the owning and managerial classes were then frightened, not only of Labour, but also about their own economic survival. They had no confidence in the Labour Government; but they saw the need, if they were to survive at all, to play ball with it in the task of recovery, in the hope of being able to get rid of it before it had been able seriously to undermine their position. The whole atmosphere of Western Europe in those days was one of concession to working-class claims until the immediate post-war crisis had been overcome.

Today, this mood has vanished all over Western Europe, partly as a result of American pressure, but partly because, in most countries, the Socialists have been enfeebled by trying to wage war on capitalists and Communists at the same time, and have thus disastrously divided their forces. Capitalism has been able to make a great West European come-back; and though Communism has counted for very little in Great Britain, British Labour has felt the effects of the decline of Socialism over Western Europe as a whole. For capitalism is an international force, which has its present headquarters in the United States; and the mood of British capitalism is settled fully as much in New York and Strasbourg as in London.

British Socialists, then, are facing an exceedingly difficult situation. They can, indeed, regain their power of independent action only by helping to bring about enough economic recovery to be able to dispense altogether with American aid and to export enough to pay for imports on the rising scale required both for an improving standard of life and for the maintenance of full employment. This task must have priority because, until it has been achieved, a majority of the electorate will not stand for any policy which it feels to threaten its security. Socialists may argue as much as they please that the only sure foundation for security is Socialism. They will cut little ice; for what they cannot possibly show is that a half-hearted mildly socialistic policy will not, for the time being, do more harm than good, by undermining capitalist confidence without providing any substitute for it in planned direction and control.

We must, then, willy nilly, concentrate for the present largely on the productivity issue, as *Challenge to Britain* insists in its opening sections. But we must also guard very carefully—and this applies to the trade unions even more than to the Party—against getting involved in forms of collaboration that will tie the Labour movement to capitalism and therewith destroy Socialism as a political force. This means, first and foremost, a vigorous attempt to re-create trade union democracy, by preparing the cadres from the workshop level upwards for responsible and instructed participation in trade union affairs. It means reviving Socialist, as distinct from mere Party propaganda, directed especially to trade unionists and co-operators and to students.

It also means, in my opinion, that this propaganda should be largely redirected for the time being. Projects of nationalisation and ambitious welfare plans should give place to insistence on abolishing large fortunes by taxing inheritance and by appropriating profit-reserves as public property, and on using the proceeds of both these re-distributive measures for public investment and the extension of public control. I am not suggesting that such propaganda will inspire capitalist confidence—far from it. What I am insisting is that, if the Labour Party leadership is for the present tied hand and foot, the Socialists must carry on independent propaganda which will involve no promises about what the next Labour Government will do, but will prepare the mind of the electors for a future Government able to resume the advance towards Socialism.

For it has become plain that taxing the incomes of the rich, without attacking their property as well, does not alter the class-structure. It annoys the wealthy, without effectively diminishing their power. At most, it hits the rich man only in his private spending, and not in his capacity as a controller of economic policy; and it fails to hit, even in this way, those who can live largely off expense allowances or benefit by the accumulation of profit reserves. It therefore fails to convince trade unionists, who are recommended, in the national interest, to refrain from pressing wage-claims that sacrifices are being fairly shared; and it also fails to arouse any enthusiasm among the poorer electors as soon as the limits of the welfare concessions made possible by it have been reached. The Butler Tories, as long as they can keep control of their wild men, can outvie Labour in this sort of appeal, because they can appear as the party which will upset the existing state of affairs least.

If it were really possible for the British economy to remain indefinitely as it is, there would be no chance for Socialism in the British electorate's present disillusioned state of mind. But it is not possible. The terms of trade, in view of the low production of foodstuffs, are likely to worsen. Competition in a limited export market is certain to grow more intense; and the precarious balance which at present exists, subject to continued American aid to foreign countries, would be immediately upset by either a further American buying spree or an even moderately serious American recession. The really important issue is, not what the Labour Party would do now if it came back to office, but what it will do when the essential instability of the British world situation has become clear. This is the situation for which Socialists need to prepare working-class opinion, in order not to be caught without any practical answer when the crisis comes. They must not, however, expect to find the task easy, or their forebodings well received. For the present, they are bound to be unpopular, because they will have to utter unpleasant home-truths.

They have, however, no alternative. Socialism can be established, or a rapid advance towards it made, either in a society solvent enough to take risks, or in one so insolvent as to be compelled to try new ways. It cannot advance far in a society whose members do not want to know, and can just avoid knowing, that it is sliding gradually downhill towards a precipice. In such a predicament, the most important task is to spread understanding among those who can be induced to listen, and to do this in such a way as to make a call on their finer aspirations and loyalties. The appeal of the Welfare State has its nobler side; but its popular appeal is largely to those who hope to get something tangible out of it. Socialists, realising how little they can promise in this respect, would do well to preach Socialism not so much as a means of making the poor richer as of fostering a faith in a more comradely and equal way of life. The crying need is for a new idealism of the Left, that will recapture the spirit of the pioneers; but this is not to be had without offering to all who are prepared to assume the burdens of responsibility, at every level, the opportunity to shape and execute policy, instead of merely doing loyally what the centralised leadership tells them to do. Thus, I come back at the end to the plea for less centralisation, less bureaucracy, more diffusion of power to act, and more trust by the leaders in the capacity of their followers, and therewith for a resolute eschewing of material promises which cannot be carried out until the economy has been raised from its present condition of technical backwardness and mental slackness among employers and workers alike.

G. D. H. COLE

NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

Christmas Books—I

Who Was Harry Dexter White?

If Harry Dexter White had not died three days after his appearance before the Un-American Activities Committee on August 13, 1948, it is probable that White, rather than Hiss, would have been the central figure in the investigations and lawsuits that stemmed from the testimony of Elizabeth Bentley and Whittaker Chambers. The Committee, in fact, only turned to Hiss when White's sudden death put him beyond its reach.

White, who was born in Boston in 1892, had been educated at Columbia, Stanford and Harvard. After he had taught at Harvard for six years, he became a professor at Lawrence College, Wisconsin; in 1934, he entered the U.S. Treasury as assistant director of research. During the New Deal years, his ability as a monetary specialist was outstanding; by 1940 he was already drafting high policy. In June, 1940, for instance, he had supplied President Roosevelt with a memorandum arguing that the Soviet Union was not interested in territorial expansion, but adding that Soviet "ideological aggression becomes more dangerous in a politically unsettled world and in countries where the standard of living is low or declining." White seems to have been called on increasingly for such advice. From 1938 onwards he had been urging that more aid be given to Chiang Kai-shek, that trade measures should be taken against Japan, and that loans be made to South America.

Early in the war, White became special assistant to Mr. Morgenthau, the Secretary of the Treasury; later he was promoted to Assistant Secretary. In these posts, he was concerned with problems far outside his own department. Eight days after Pearl Harbour, Mr. Morgenthau put White in charge of "all matters with which the Treasury Department has to deal having a bearing on foreign relations": he became Mr. Morgenthau's "adviser on foreign affairs" and maintained liaison between the Treasury and State Department. By 1943, White's responsibilities had been further extended. He was now in charge of all "economic and financial matters" concerned with Army and Navy operations and "civilian affairs in the foreign areas in which our armed forces are operating"; White's liaison functions included the Army and Navy and representatives of foreign Governments as well. Certainly, few men were so well placed to know Administration secrets and even to influence policy on vital issues.

At this time, White's standing was high, not only in the White House and Treasury, but also with the foreign officials with whom White negotiated. In R. F. Harrod's biography of Lord Keynes, there are several striking passages in which tribute is paid to White's ability as an economist and his rather truculent skill as a negotiator. "He was," writes Mr. Harrod, "a very remarkable figure, who should be accorded an honourable place in British annals." Mr. Harrod speaks of his energy, his "genuine convictions" as a reformer, and his "single-mindedness" in the pursuit of his aims: "It is probably true to say that but for White's assiduity and galvanic personality a large scheme of the kind for which Keynes was working in Britain would never have come to birth at Bretton Woods. White also worked strenuously to promote Lend-Lease and give strength to Hitler's enemy." Keynes himself had "real affection for him . . . they ultimately became great cronies, going off to the baseball game together and having plenty of fun."

It was White, indeed, who was Keynes' counterpart in the long negotiations, first on the International Bank, and then on the British Loan. White, who was a specialist on international financial agreements, was blamed for the defeat of Keynes' "Bancor" scheme, which would have permitted the actual creation of international credit by the central banking agency. White's own "Unitas" proposal limited the capital of the Fund to the initial deposits by its members. Yet it is unlikely that White was doing more than advancing the maximum scheme that the Administration thought it could get Congress to accept. His willingness to see the British viewpoint, and to help the British negotiators where he could, is shown by a passage in which Mr. Harrod describes his feelings on reading White's draft for the International Monetary Fund. One clause was a "gift from the gods to Britain"; by permitting discrimination against U.S. goods when dollars were short, it gave the British "what we could never have asked of them in the negotiations."

At the same time, White was busy with two other schemes. The first was the idea of granting a large loan to the Russians. Before the war started, he had proposed a $250 million two-year credit to the U.S.S.R. In May, 1941, he suggested a ten-year $500 million credit to the Russians; the exchange of 5,000 technicians; and, above all, a five-year mutual assistance pact, providing in the event of war for American supplies of material to the Soviet Union. By March, 1944, White was proposing to Mr. Morgenthau that the U.S. should give the Russians $5,000 millions over five years, on a thirty-year repayment basis. Stressing potential American shortages of some strategic materials, he pointed out that the granting of economic credit to Russia would ensure that the U.S. had access to Soviet sources of these commodities. None of these schemes came to anything because Roosevelt felt that he could not carry Congress with him.

The second scheme in which White was involved was the Morgenthau Plan for "pastoralising" post-war Germany. White himself testified that he "participated in a major way" in its formulation. Though the Plan was actually initialled by Roosevelt and Churchill, and was the basis of Anglo-American policy in Germany in 1944-5, it was never publicly ratified, partly owing to the opposition of Stimson and Hull within the U.S. Cabinet, and partly owing to the storm that it evoked when the details leaked.

This was the career of influential and able public service which White had to his credit when the first rumours that he was a "Red" began to circulate in Washington. Similar charges were being made against other members of the Roosevelt Administration, and no one seems to have taken them seriously before the end of the war. It was not until late in 1945 that the F.B.I. reports, now the subject of the Truman controversy, were first submitted. Mr. Truman now says that the evidence was strong enough to have White watched as a "security risk," to be used as a decoy for other suspected agents, and to be shifted from his "sensitive" position in the Treasury to the comparatively innocuous post of executive director of the International Monetary Fund.

It is known, of course, that the evidence against White was heard by a Grand Jury in 1947, and passed over as insufficient. It was only when Elizabeth Bentley began to tell of her career as a Communist courier that White's name was mentioned as one of her most important "sources." Bentley and Chambers both stated that White was never a party member, adding, however, that for a long period of years he had provided the "underground" with information (though, Chambers said, he was "the least productive of his four main sources") and helped staff the U.S. Treasury with Communists and sympathisers. Not until November, 1948, did Chambers produce the memorandum in White's handwriting from among the Pumpkin Papers—a note on which Lord Jowitt makes some sceptical comments in his book on the Hiss case. Chambers, moreover, did not mention White at all in his statement to Adolf Berle in 1939, when he first named Hiss, and later he explained this omission by saying he thought he had persuaded White to break with the spy ring and therefore did not wish to injure him. It is an odd fact that, in the first instance, Chambers only stated that White was a Communist sympathiser, able to influence U.S. policy at a high level, and his allegations of espionage and his production of the memorandum came more than three months after White had died—a strange interval if his only reason for suppressing the fact of espionage was, as he claims in *Witness*, due to his desire to protect White and give him an opportunity to redeem himself.

Re-reading this week the many references to White that Chambers makes in *Witness*, I was surprised to find how little Chambers seems to care about a man who, if the charge of espionage can be substantiated, was in fact far more useful than Hiss. Chambers repeats again and again that White was a "source," describes his personal behaviour, talks of a present of a rug and a case of vodka, and of White's relations with George Silvermaster, alleged "channel" to Chambers and Bentley. Yet it is odd that White should play so small a role in this book, written in 1951, even if its main purpose was to bolster Chambers' case against Hiss. No doubt we shall now get much fuller details about White, either from the Administration or one of the congressional committees. It remains puzzling, however, why the White case, potentially so much more dramatic even than the story of Alger Hiss, should have been allowed to lie so long. The only new features that have emerged since 1948 are the charges that Mr. Truman knowingly promoted a spy. Everything else that the Attorney-General said has been on public record for five years, until he resurrected it for partisan political purposes.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

London Diary

I remember walking in the City one day soon after the Great Fire of London. (I refer not to the fire which destroyed the old St. Paul's but to the one which, nearly three centuries later, has revealed to us the full beauty of Wren's building.) In a tobacconist's shop, still miraculously intact, I fell into conversation with a City gentleman. He said: "At last we can see St. Paul's, can't we? And it's good to have some space and light let into the place." I said: "I agree with you. But how long after the war will it be before all the property-owners have asserted their right to rebuild on the same sites?" He looked at me with surprise. "We can't really be as mad as that," he said. Today, I am sorry to say, my prophecy, mad though it seemed in 1940, seems to be proving correct. Winston Churchill, who gave the orders that saved St. Paul's thirteen years ago, is now, it seems, ready to see it dwarfed by vast new banking and insurance buildings.

* * *

In the eight years since the war we have learnt to do quite a nice lot of things in the clearances the *Luftwaffe* made. We have at least one open-air restaurant in the City; I never knew a foreign visitor to England who did not ask me why we had so few, smiling ironically when I made

excuses about the English weather. And then there is a safe and sunken football ground for boys. Why not fifty? No smaller number should satisfy the Duke of Edinburgh, who has far too much sense to think that formal playing fields officially opened fifteen miles outside London are a substitute for open spaces where caps and jackets will make do for goal posts or wickets. Nearly as important, to my mind, are the many new gardens in the centre of London. Some are now planted, with seats where clerks and typists eat their lunches and read their books. Others are wild, with Ramping Sally making great splashes of pink across the grey scars of London. Mallards make love in an A.R.P. pond nearby; bracken grows across the road from my office window and yellow ragwort is still out on a plot near my flat. If the property-owners have their way, vast new blocks of flats and offices will blot all this out. It will be said that this is to make provision for London's overcrowded and homeless people. Rubbish. We want not more homes in Central London, but fewer people. We are building new towns with the object of dispersing this monstrous agglomeration, but I am told that continuous efforts since the war to prevent new industries coming to London have only just served to prevent the population increasing rapidly. No doubt, we want some new blocks, but carefully spaced out with plenty of air and plenty of gardens. We have at last a chance of adding to our parks and children's playgrounds. If we are to do so, patriotic Londoners will have to buckle to, and defeat all sorts of vested interests.

* * *

I have left out the most important practical argument of all. London's streets, it is said, are silting up; every year the business of trying to drive a car or carry goods through London gets more ruinously slow. Sir John Nott-Bower has improved things by increasing the number of "No Waiting" streets and preventing us motorists (who are also pedestrians) from parking in the centre of streets or on both sides of narrow roads. Three taxi-drivers have recently told me that these changes have made a real difference to the traffic flow in Central London. But I am sure that Sir John would be first to agree with me that pushing the motorists from one place to another is no solution. He wants to transform many more blitzed sites into car parks rather than to build new blocks which will, of course, increase the number of cars to be parked. New blocks will no doubt have special parking facilities built beneath them. But that again is of little real help; it will drain off the new cars from the public parks, but increase, not diminish, the congestion of cars trying to make their way through the narrow City streets. In short, the only solution is in more decentralisation.

* * *

But, someone will object, the countryside is also congested. Many provincial towns are nearly as difficult to penetrate as London itself. The motoring interests keep up an ill-advised demand to straighten out country roads; they pretend that wider roads mean fewer accidents. By so doing they confuse counsel. Motorists travel faster on big roads and have worse accidents. Very bad corners and narrow lanes are just the places where bad accidents are rare because motorists are compelled to drive slowly or stop. The real argument for road improvement—its greater efficiency—is properly put forward in the British Road Federation's new shilling booklet, *No Road*. Many bottlenecks do indeed need widening; it is also utterly absurd that the main West road to Scotland should thread its way through the back streets of Lancaster. In short, we need more good trunk roads linking up the main centres of English population centres. I recall that H. G. Wells prophesied (I think it was in 1910) that within ten years there would be an exclusive motor road between London and Brighton. That there still is not is ludicrous and the same may be said for the lack of an *Autobahn* for heavy traffic between London and Scotland, or South Wales and Birmingham.

* * *

I was impressed by what I heard the other day about the difference of education in the Hitler Youth and in the "Free German" Communist Youth Movement. The comparison was made by young Germans who had practical experience of both types of indoctrination. "In the Hitler Youth," they said, "we merely learned a few slogans and how to obey and to command. Many of us liked it, but the more intelligent ones soon got over it. The Communist Youth leaders are much shrewder. They give the youngsters a very long rope to play with, they let them argue their heads off, indeed they encourage them to do so until they are honestly convinced to have worked out their *Weltanschauung* all by themselves." I have just seen some evidence of this, a so-called *Ich-Buch*, i.e., a self-critical analysis, a heart-searching confession, such as the youngsters are admonished to write. This one, pencilled in an exercise-book, came from a girl of 16, and it contains passages like this:

> I am rather over-sexed, and it worries me. I shall have to speak to Walter about it. No doubt, it is due to the rotten education given me by my parents. I hate them for the bourgeois and monopoly-capitalistic prejudices they instilled in my young mind.

* * *

I have recently been reading the travel papers of Mary Kingsley, a niece of Charles Kingsley and surely one of the most remarkable of Victorian women. In 1893, finding herself free to travel, she decided to go to the tropics, and, after considering the other possibilities, chose West Africa, which was then called the White Man's (and Woman's) Grave. She had scientific interests, and a good smattering of knowledge about beetles and fishes and tribal customs. For months together, she wandered in one of the hottest and least civilised parts of the world, accompanied only by African bearers, and dressed in long, black, bombazine skirts. On one occasion, when she fell into an elephant trap, she was saved from death by her voluminous petticoats. Her daring was as extraordinary as her tranquillity and her wit. Why have I been reading the works of Mary Kingsley? Because, by the time this column is being read, I hope to be in Nigeria myself, well aware (thanks to pioneers like Mary Kingsley) that mosquitoes have lost much of their venom (if you take Paludrine), that there are now friends to entertain one, and that the unhappy people so terribly exploited in the past both by slave-traders and African tyrants, are now at least beginning to build a freer life in co-operation with White men. The relations of Europeans and Africans have now become one of the three most important questions in the world, and I doubt if there is anywhere better to see it than in West Africa.

* * *

A mounted policeman planted himself at a big traffic corner the other day. I noticed that people frequently crossed the dangerous street to ask him questions. He told me that on horseback he had to tell the way to twice as many people as he had done when on foot. He laughed and agreed when I suggested that the reason was that people wanted a "respectable" excuse for patting the horse.

CRITIC

A SONG OF SHERWOOD

(AFTER ALFRED NOYES)

"No record of Communists in Robin Hood's band." *Telegram from the Sheriff of Nottingham to the State Education Board, Indiana.*

Sherwood in the red dawn, was Robin Hood a Red?
Far away in the U.S.A. the story has been spread,
Teachers tell the parents, their children parents tell,
Robin was a Communist, and Friar Tuck as well.

Capitalist Englishmen could never sleep secure,
Sherwood Forest bandits would rob them for the poor;
Ballads, histories, legends to bonfires they consign—
Robin's dialectics took the Marxist-Lenin line.

Sniffing round the Greenwood in the Sherwood glen,
Senator McCarthy hunts with all his smeary men!
Robin shared among the poor the booty of the rich,
Congress and Committee-men are hunting down the witch.

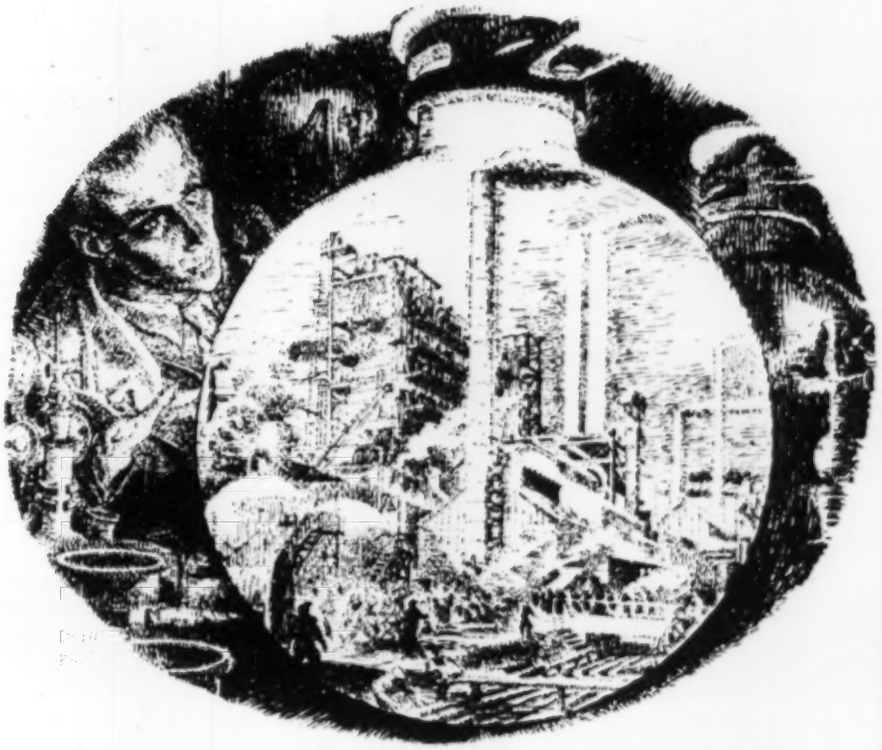
Sherwood and the Sheriff waged a never-ending feud—
Now his ancient enemy takes sides with Robin Hood;
Cotton Mather's followers receive a telegram
"Robin Hood no Communist—*Signed*, Shrieve of Nottingham."

Anti-Red Americans may seek the Greenwood shade,
Robin and his robber band attract the Tourist Trade,
Archives show no evidence of Hood's subversive plots
(As the Bard to Stratford, so Robin is to Notts).

Shadows of the shadowy band in Sherwood may be seen—
Who has ever heard of Reds attired in Lincoln Green?
Rising from his leafy bed, he winds his ghostly horn—
Robin led his merry men before Karl Marx was born.

Through the crimson dawning the robber band goes by,
Robin draws the long bow, the Sheriff's arrows fly;
Merry thieves and aldermen the bloodhounds keep at bay
Nottingham and Sherwood answer "Nuts" to U.S.A.

SAGITTARIUS



Dreams Come True

SIX YEARS AGO, the site of I.C.I.'s Wilton works was virgin green. It now presents a vista of pencil-slim chimneys and silver towers set in a network of broad, grass-verged roadways, while at night, the plants take on the appearance of a castle of fairy lights. Wilton is the result of a long-term plan to group together I.C.I.'s new factories according to a logical pattern. Interdependent plants, though operated by different manufacturing divisions, are being built close together on one site, to save transport and materials handling and to enable common services such as steam, electricity and compressed air to be supplied on a large scale from central generating stations. Ten plants are already operating, taking their electricity from a power-house that could supply all the needs of a town of 50,000 inhabitants. Many of the processes operating or scheduled to operate within the works are the realisation of recent I.C.I. advances in research. Important new materials, ranging from the tough, flexible plastic, polythene, to Britain's newest synthetic fibre, 'Terylene', are coming into large-scale production.

I.C.I. has already expended nearly £25,000,000 in developing Wilton. About £20,000,000 will be spent in the course of the next few years. To the chemical engineer Wilton, together with its sister plant at Billingham across the river, represents the largest and most modern centre of chemical industry in the world. To the ordinary Tees-sider, who remembers how unemployment ravaged the district before the war, the great project now spreading over Wilton's 2,000 acres is an earnest of new stability in the industrial situation on Tees-side and of greater security for this and future generations in a young and vigorous industry.

Imperial Chemical Industries Limited

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

Said the North Riding coroner, Dr. F. R. Eddison: "If you come across any more bodies hanging up, cut them down right away. That's the thing to do—cut 'em down."—*News Chronicle*. (M. P. Wanhel.)

Where can I buy an anti-smog mask for my bulldog? He suffered cruelly during the Great Fog.—Letter in *Evening News*. (E. W. Martin.)

"I don't have to leave England to travel. Each night I dream I am in a different country. Last night I was in Venice. It was beautiful. All my dreams are in full colour.—Letter in *Daily Mirror*. (W. F. Stevens.)

Personally, I was never more amused than when someone asked me whether it was true that Princess Margaret was dumb. Usually I avoided answering questions about the Royal Family, but that was one I simply had to answer.—From *Princess Margaret*, by Marion Crawford, Royal Governess for 17 years. (David R. G. Griffiths.)

BELGRAVIA—MOST EXCLUSIVE PART. Comfortable medium-size PERIOD HOUSE. Five admirable bedrooms. Interesting Elizabethan four-poster used by titled film star in 1926.—Advt. in *Sunday Times*. (Ernest Bock.)

Because of complaints that tradespeople could not pronounce tongue-twisting Welsh street names, Aberdare council referred back to a sub-committee a recommendation that two new streets should be named "Penycae" and "Breinfa." Now the sub-committee has come forward with alternative names for the new streets. They have been approved. They are "Brynawelon" and "Maeshyfryd."—*News Chronicle*. (J. Tabor.)

As Asia Sees It

IN the middle of the Burma campaign, a group of Americans, led by Eric Sevareid, lost their way on the hump that falls over into China. They were rescued by Nagas. A friend of Sevareid—who tells the story—hiked into the mountains to meet him. His pack was heavy and a Naga boy walking along the same track seemed like an answer to prayer. He addressed the boy in pidgin English: "You coolie. Carry pack. Carry pack. Five mile. Give much rupee—much rupee." And, jingling coins in his pocket, he asked "You help um White man, no?" "No," answered the Naga boy; "I am on my way to the High school and I'm just as fatigued as you are."

This true story rings a bell in the minds of all the colonial and ex-colonial people who make up the great majority of the world's population. Across Africa the response is every day louder, and it echoes among strikers on the sugar plantations of British Guiana. Even in Asia, where most countries have now achieved independence, the Westerner has not yet fully realised that yesterday's coolies will no longer submit to being pushed around by politicians and traders. He discovers with a shock that yesterday's "gaol-birds" are today's Prime Ministers. It is because we are slow to understand this change that, even when we try to change from exploitation to United Nations aid, we still give the impression of being "do-gooders" pursuing our own interests in the name of technical assistance or financial aid, mutual security or cultural enlightenment. In our earlier relations with Asia, trade often followed in the wake of the Bible. Today, the feeling grows that hydrogen bombs may lurk in the shadow of technical assistance.

If we do indeed now want to share the scientific knowledge with those from whom we withheld it in colonial times, we must understand the background, the mental pattern and—probably the most important of all—the psychological reactions nurtured by four centuries of Western dominance in Asia. In countries where every cherished tradition is being subjected to analysis or post-mortem examination, our ignorance of the people amongst whom we lived and strutted as superior persons deprives us of anything but the flimsiest foundations on which to build a new relationship.

We still see Asia through Western eyes. Our textbooks select those facts that flatteringly misinterpret the period of Western dominance. We rely on the records of merchants who must justify their profits; on the reports of missionaries who justify their proselytizing by the comfortable doctrine that all non-Christians are heathen; on journalists whose newspapers demand "colour" and novelists who look for "glamour"; on tourists who assume that Madame Butterfly and Mother India represent the women of Asia. Our system of education and our philosophy, which too often continue to assume that all civilisation is based on Greece and Rome, induce us to treat Asian civilisations as nothing but a series of culs-de-sac. This distorted, unbalanced, arrogant view of history will change slowly when Asian writers reveal not only their own cultures but unfold, as in a Chinese scroll, the long landscape of East-West relations. Asian historians can help us to see ourselves as they see us.

There is, of course, the opposite danger of overlooking what was valuable, though it is true it was often incidental, in their contacts with the West, and of attributing all that is backward and much that is evil in their own society to the domination of Western Powers. This danger is triumphantly avoided in the first full-length study* by an Asian historian of European activities in Asia for 450 years. Taking the period which began with the arrival of Vasco da Gama in 1498 and ended with the withdrawal of British forces from India in 1947 and the European navies from China two years later, Sardar Panikkar travels over the ages of expansion, conquest and empire; he halts for a time to describe the Russian Revolution as the then colonial peoples of Asia saw it; he invites us to take three-dimensional glasses to look at the three-dimensional landscape of Asia in the twentieth century, when, simultaneously, Europe was in retreat, Asia was recovering itself through nationalist struggle, and Russia and America were emerging side by side as rivals for world power. Again he halts to discuss the role of Christian missionaries; he attributes their failure to their doctrine of the "monopoly of truth and revelation," the unreasonableness and absurdity of which have been emphasised by "practically every educated Asian . . . from Emperor Kang Hsi to Mahatma Gandhi," to the association of missionary work with aggressive imperialism, and to the belief in racial superiority which was implicit in spreading exclusively European religion, literature, history and philosophy.

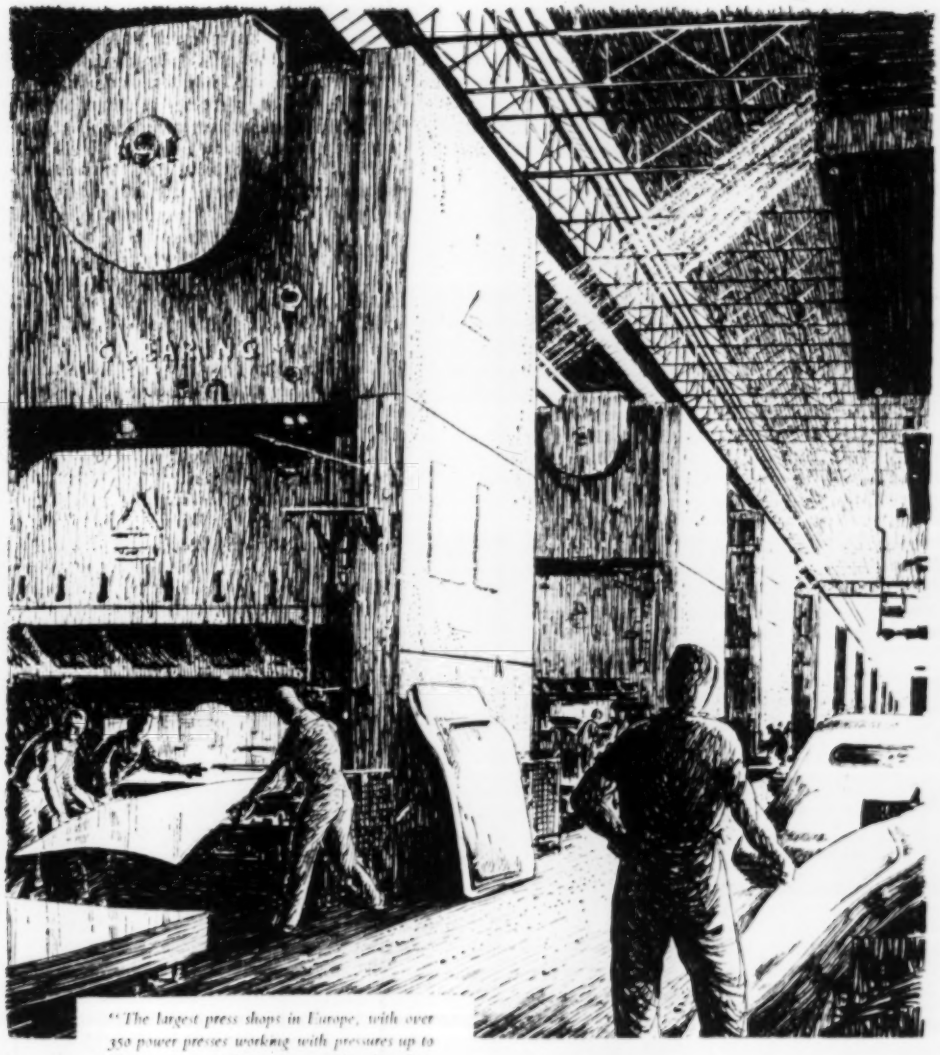
European indoctrination was not intended to Westernise Asian peoples; the dominance of the West could only be sustained on the basis of industrial backwardness and cheap labour. By the end of the Vasco da Gama period, as Sardar Panikkar describes it, America and the Soviet Union were "both preaching with conviction, zeal and persistence their conflicting ways of life." He refrains from prophesy, but this masterly book ends with the imaginative query whether, given the choice, the peoples of Asia may not conclude that they have assimilated and adapted, albeit unconsciously, far more that is valuable in European life and culture than is offered by ideologies, whether Right or Left, which now agitate their awakened and searching minds. In the early days of independence, the dollar seemed to many a glittering short cut to prosperity, whilst others believed that the book of wisdom was to be found only in the Kremlin library. The strategic ties of dollar diplomacy shattered many illusions, while the divisions within every Communist Party in Asia point to the conflicting claims of national independence and the advantages of playing second fiddle to Moscow.

We make a dangerous mistake if we ignore the instinctive appeal which the Soviet Union makes to politically minded young men and women throughout Asia. Independently of Communism, which holds out promises of economic development without dollar strings, Russia has a backlog of goodwill. China is the most striking example. Alone among the Western Powers, Russia has never resorted to war in China. The first Treaty which China signed with the West—as Sardar Panikkar reminds us—was with Russia in 1689, and it remained in force for 150 years, successfully delimiting Russia's southwards expansion. Russian missionaries never tried to impose their religion, their traders did not force opium on the people, and they were never involved in the "pig trade," the name given to the enforced transportation of thousands of Chinese workers to the plantations of the Western Powers, including America. When British and French troops, on instructions from Lord Elgin, were burning and looting the Summer Palace in Peking, the then Russian Ambassador dissociated his country from such vandalism. A high official of the Central People's Government told Sardar Panikkar in 1951—he was then Indian Ambassador—that "the account is still left open and awaits settlement." Russians, whether Czarist or Communist, have never shown that racial superiority which still humiliates and angers the Chinese, who have always cherished, under their mask of politeness, a belief in their own superiority to all foreign barbarians. When he considers Soviet policy, the Chinese remembers the immediate declaration after the Revolution to end all unequal Treaties, and Sun Yat-sen's remark, after failing to win any sympathy for the Chinese Revolution in the West or in America: "We no longer look to the West. Our faces are turned towards Russia." A quarter of a century later, the Soviet Union's campaign for the recognition of his country seems to the Chinese a logical step, not the outcome of some devilishly clever plot hatched in Moscow.

Outside China, millions of dollars spent on anti-Soviet propaganda have not provided American eyes through which to look either at Russia or at Communism. Soviet propaganda plays on the memories of past colonialism which are already vivid in Asian minds and appeals to their self-respect, whilst much that is included in Communist theory and practice they consider indispensable for their own development. But they must be given the chance to choose. The West is apt to assume that it is only economic aid that they need. This is a miscalculation which often destroys the genuine good that might be achieved by technical assistance. Even the most friendly Westerners do not realise the resentment which is felt by Asians with their own civilisations and ways of life, when they are monotonously described as "backward," "under-developed areas," "food-deficit areas." They feel much as we should feel if Burmese visitors here were habitually to describe London and Lancashire as overcrowded "under-developed" slums.

American policy today is creating as bitter a re-

**Asia and Western Domination.* By K. M. PANIKKAR. *Allen and Unwin.* 30s.



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action as the Europeans did when they assumed their superiority. This is particularly serious since it undermines the foundations of co-operation which United Nations aid might have achieved with Asian countries. Mutual Security Agency payments—made unilaterally by America outside the jurisdiction of the U.N., reflect colonialism in a new guise: they bribe the bribable, they are geared to strategic bases, not to more modern forms of agriculture or to the training of people to improve their own economy. Yet when India and Burma firmly refused to be satellites of Wall Street and the Pentagon, and public opinion forced a pliant Indonesian Foreign Minister to resign in the interests of an independent foreign policy, American aid was no longer administered as Mutual Security. In other words, in this, the Asian Century, Asian countries can, if they will, shape the future pattern of United States aid. They can refuse to connive at American plans to use technical assistance as a camouflage for hydrogen bomb sites. They can, as they should have done much earlier, insist that all technical assistance should be under the ægis of the United Nations. They have now had a long enough experience of independence to know what they want, what kind of society they want to build, the scope and balance of industrial and rural economy. They often have suspicion which is understandable, but they must realise that Europeans, who only yesterday were their rulers, have a habit of instinctive superiority, so that their plans must therefore be stated definitely and firmly. *Asia and Western Dominance* ends in 1945. Sardar Panikkar must write another book. He has already put us in his debt by showing us how to avoid repeating—even if we could—the mistakes of the past. Writing with the prestige of an Indian, and the foremost among Asian historians, he can indicate to the Western Powers and to America how to live with Asian nationalism. He can encourage his colleagues to think for themselves, neither to accept nor to reject Western thoughts because they are associated with ex-colonial Powers, neither to retain nor to repudiate traditions because they are associated with their own past, but to work out for themselves their own complexity of problems within the framework of a world community.

DOROTHY WOODMAN

Parents and Schools

PARENTS in this country are the least regarded of all the factors which make up the educational system. It is true that they, as producers of the raw material for the schools, are fundamental. By a well-organised strike they could bring the whole structure to the ground—no children, no schools, no teachers, no Education Committees and—arresting thought!—no Ministry of Education. But none of the other partners in the enterprise seems to recognise their importance, except as an excuse for criticisms levelled at the schools and the teachers. Then we are reminded that children spend more time in their homes than in the schools, and that the influence of the school, however good, is powerless against the influence of a bad home. Parent-Teacher Associations of a full and equal partnership are rare. For the most part, parents are lectured on their shortcomings by Heads of Grammar schools on Speech Days, where there is no opportunity for a come-back; ignored by Education Committees in the allocation of children to Grammar schools, and, unless they make a nuisance of themselves by objecting to a closure of a village school or demanding extra transport when children are directed from one school to another, they might not exist. Only the teachers seem to be aware of them.

It is therefore refreshing to find their importance recognised by having a book* not only addressed to them, but written by a mother who understands the problems and complications which confront them when their child is old enough to go to school. The system is explained, any choices available are set out, and their duty as citizens to work persistently for improvements in the state of school buildings and the size of classes is urged, not only for the sake of their own children, but for the benefit of all the children of the community. The book recognises that parents fall into two classes. Those, the large majority, who must accept the publicly provided system, and others, the small minority, who belong to the middle and upper income groups, and can, if they please, contract out of the State system and send their children—often we are told at the cost of one-third of their net income—to an Independent school. Both groups of parents meet at the "Eleven Plus" or "Scholarship" examination; but there, their paths diverge.

Mrs. Jay does her best for the 11 + hurdle; she actually says that it "selects" for the Secondary Modern school, but it does nothing of the sort. It "selects" children for the Grammar schools, but relegates all the others to the Secondary Modern school, except in the few areas where those next on the list for a Grammar school can go to a Technical Secondary school, instead of to a Modern school. Because she is describing the method adopted by the L.C.C., but by very few other authorities in the land, the author makes the 11 + selection sound reasonable and humane, with an appeal by the parent, first to County Hall and then to the Minister, if he disagrees with the examiner's decision. But Mrs. Jay must know what happens to these appeals. The Minister invariably supports the decision of the L.E.A.; and, indeed, how could he or she do otherwise? Unless, as in the recent case of the Woodbridge school, she finds that the decision to exclude a child from a particular school was not made on educational grounds, she could not interfere. Parents' choice, in the 1944 Act, was never intended to mean more than a choice of a denominational as against a County school or vice versa; and it is less than fair to suggest that it applies to the choice of a Grammar as against a Secondary Modern school.

It is surprising that the strongest argument for the Comprehensive school is not made here, although it is referred to incidentally later in the book. But the only way to get rid of the 11 + examination, its nerve-racking effects on the children, its tyranny over the Junior school curriculum, and its pressure on teachers through the parents, is to send all children at the age of eleven, without an entrance examination, to a Common Secondary school, where provision will be made for their varying abilities and aptitudes. Most parents have to accept the decision at 11 +, but those who can afford to do so can buy a Grammar school education for their children in a private or Independent school. This is naturally the cause of much feeling and makes nonsense of any claim to equal educational opportunity, for many of the children who have failed to win a place in a local Grammar school (where the percentage of such places may be as low as 10 per cent.) are as successful in the General Certificate of Education at 16 and 18 as those who have won places.

So long as private schools exist, and the public system does not provide enough Grammar school places for all who want them, so long this inequality will continue. But there are various kinds of private schools amongst which the "Public" schools are the best known. They both represent and increase the class division in our society, for they provide, at considerable cost to the parents, many advantages that we, as a nation, are not prepared to provide for all children: small classes, the best paid teachers, excellent equipment, extensive playing fields, etc. An increasing number of parents who can afford to give their own children these advantages feel uneasy about the situation and would like to see these schools somehow "integrated" into the State system. Mrs. Jay suggests a Royal Commission to consider how this should be done—with the condition that, at the end of ten years, it would be illegal for these schools to charge fees. But what advantage would a Royal Commission have over the Fleming Committee which reported in 1944? Grappling with the same problem of "integration," it proposed that these schools should start by awarding 25 per cent. of their annual admission to pupils from grant-aided primary schools, and that every five years the percentage should be increased; though after the first 25 per cent., children from all types of primary schools including, presumably, the private Prep. schools, should be eligible. The children would be selected by Regional Boards, but the final acceptance would rest with the school.

What happened? The 1944 Act gave L.E.A.s power to make provision for boarding school education, both by providing their own boarding schools—as the L.C.C. and Surrey County Council have done—and to send children who, in their opinion, needed a boarding school education, to any school which was willing to receive them. In the immediate post-war flush of enthusiasm for equal educational opportunity, a few L.E.A.s reserved a few places in well-known Public schools like Eton and Westonbirt, and some reserved places in less well-known schools. The majority of L.E.A.s, however, used their power and their money sparingly to help parents to send their children to a boarding school if, under strictly defined home or personal circumstances, a boarding school education was considered necessary. As the years passed and money for education became tight, the cost of maintaining a boy at a public school proved difficult to justify against the need for better facilities for all the children for which the L.E.A. was responsible. It could only be justified if he were on the way to becoming a delinquent, in which case the school naturally would not welcome him, having, as one headmaster remarked, "quite enough problem boys already." Unless the 25 per cent. was going to increase quickly to 100 per cent., in which case the schools would not agree to come in—if they did the "snob" value of a Public school education would soon disappear—the solution cannot be found in any such scheme.

The only ways by which the Public schools could be "integrated" into the State system are as follows. They could become Direct Grant schools, subject to the existing regulations for these schools, the most important of which is the one which makes entrance to all places, free or fee-paying, on merit, as shown by performance in the same test. This would mean that an old Etonian could not get his son entered there as soon as he was born, but only if he won his place in open competition. Alternatively, L.E.A.s—singly or in combination—could take over the buildings and run them as boarding schools for children, who, in their opinion, need to be educated away from home.

* *Better Schools Now!* By PEGGY JAY. *Turnstile Press.* 3s. 6d.

Parents could, if they wished, solve both problems. If they protested enough about the "Eleven Plus" examination, and demanded Comprehensive secondary schools, they, as ratepayers with votes, could have them. If the better-off parents ceased to send their own children to Independent schools, and decided to throw in their lot with that of the majority of children, and as ratepayers agitated for better conditions in the State system, the Independent schools would die out. From whatever angle one looks at our educational problems parents are in a commanding position.

SHENA D. SIMON

Labour and the Call-up

THE Labour Party is slowly moving towards a demand to reduce the period of National Service. That is the meaning of last Monday's debate in the House of Commons. No doubt the debate seemed rather confused and confusing: it may have appeared to be all shadow boxing and squabbles about parliamentary procedure. It was inevitable that it should seem so while the Labour Party was unwilling to come out with the demand that the period of National Service should be reduced to 18 months here and now. For my part I think the Party was right to refuse to do that. The truth is that Labour is learning, with some difficulty, that a demand to cut the period of National Service must, if it is serious, be at the same time a demand to revise our Defence policy. That in turn means revising our Commonwealth policy, though it does not in itself necessarily mean revising our Foreign policy.

Labour has some difficulty in realising this because some members of the Party are not accustomed to thinking very realistically on Defence issues. There is still a certain amount of nostalgia for simpler days, when one could simply "be against" the Army and Defence in general, and leave it at that. It is always easy and popular to say that the Forces can have many fewer men and much less money, and not worry about whether one is giving them jobs to do which are simply impossible without the men and the money. But, as Monday's debate showed, the Party has made wonderful progress in facing up to the facts of life in the Defence sphere. Apart from the pacifists, whose position is appreciated, the Party conceded realistically that you can only cut the period of National Service if you cut down some of the jobs that you are asking the Army, in particular, to do.

It is quite wrong to say, as the Prime Minister tried to suggest, that cutting down the period to, say, 18 months would destroy our contribution to the defence of the West. On the contrary, in some ways a shorter period of National Service, with quicker building up of trained reserves, is a more suitable system for the rapid development of our contribution to Nato. What must be cut out, as I have already said in these columns, are some of the appallingly heavy, numerous and distant commitments all over the world, where we are using the better part of our Army as a most ineffective form of imperial police force. Undoubtedly by far the greatest and most useless of all these burdens is the maintenance of 80,000 men in Egypt. Fortunately the Government and its military advisers have come to recognise this fact, and will clearly do a deal with the Egyptian Government sooner or later, unless the Cabinet panics before its own diehard back-benchers.

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intolerable imperial demands, and taken the necessary further steps to transform the Empire into a genuinely free Commonwealth which does not have to be kept together by force, Labour must urgently demand the revision of the two-year period of military service. For the dangers of leaving the period unchanged much longer are very great indeed. Already it is evident that the military authorities have got used to a two-year period and are arguing that in no circumstances can they possibly do with less. All sorts of bogus technical arguments about the impossibility of training men to be junior N.C.O.s or use specialist arms under two years are being trotted out. A short answer to all this is that, up to 1950, nobody dreamt of pretending that 18 months was not an ample period for training purposes; indeed a year is long enough for the essential job. Yet all the speeches from the Tory side of the House really carried the implication of a two-year period in perpetuity. The Prime Minister kept insisting that we must not reduce it, because it would weaken Nato "at this critical juncture." Every juncture, however, is critical, and always will be; and it is, I repeat, nonsense to argue that we cannot build Nato defences without the two-year period.

My successor at the War Office, Mr. Head, kept repeating that it was all wrong to say that we could reduce the period if we reduced our commitments in Egypt and elsewhere, and that the outlook for any reduction was "not bright." All this shows how fatally the Government has dropped into dependence on an intolerably long period of National Service. Yet nothing is more certain than that the people of this country will not stand, and ought not to stand, permanently a two-year period of National Service. It is bad enough to have National Service in peacetime at all, but to try to hold the period at two years as a long-term policy is social, economic and political suicide.

In short, Labour should demand a reduction in the period of National Service at an early date, but should broaden the issue and demand at the same time the revision of our whole Defence and Commonwealth conception which will alone make a shorter period of National Service practicable. No doubt, that is all much less simple and easily understood than a straightforward cry to cut the period of National Service now and unconditionally; but a responsible Opposition, which may at any moment be a Government, must not always do the simple, easily understood thing. It must face reality in all its complexities. What Labour rightly demanded on Monday was that Parliament should have an annual review to decide the length and character of National Service. All the speeches from Labour benches showed that, as soon as commitments have been got down to a tolerable level, the period of National Service must be cut.

The Party is perhaps open to criticism for not yet having pressed hard enough for that revision of our whole conception of Defence and Commonwealth policy with which the National Service issue is inextricably bound up. Labour, in office, carried out a gigantic process of "dis-imperialism." It would be foolish of the Party to lose the courage of its anti-imperialist convictions when in Opposition.

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G.B.S.—Anarchist

SOCIALISTS, delving into early Fabian Tracts to discover what their forebears thought about sanitation, poor law reform and the municipalisation of gas and water, occasionally enjoy a little light relief when they encounter a Tract from the scintillating pen of Bernard Shaw. One of the more amusing of Shaw's efforts is his demonstration in Tract 45 (1893) of *The Impossibilities of Anarchism*—impossibilities which, surprisingly enough, turn out to be theoretical rather than practical. Wielding with precision that favourite sledgehammer of the early Fabians, the Ubiquity of Economic Rent, Shaw demolishes to his own satisfaction the pretences of both Individualist and Communist Anarchism. So much is generally known. Less well known, however, is the fact that the Tract was something in the nature of a public recantation of youthful follies. For Shaw, usually regarded as a staunch, if erratic, Fabian collectivist, started his political career as an Anarchist—an honour shared, among others, by Jack Tanner, Willie Gallacher and, so it is rumoured, by Herbert Morrison.

Shaw himself and most of his biographers have maintained a discreet silence about his Anarchist phase. "Fabian by Webb out of Henry George and Karl Marx" is the general account of his political pedigree. That this needs to be amended by adding "and out of Anarchism" is not altogether surprising to those who know that the gradualists of Dartmouth Street began as apostles of insurrection and bloody revolution. It was not, in fact, until 1887, after a fierce debate between Hubert Bland and Annie Besant on the one side, and William Morris and Charlotte Wilson on the other, over the question of Socialist participation in Parliament, that the Fabian Society settled down to its respectable career as the self-appointed midwife of gas and water Socialism. As late as August, 1886, the Fabians were issuing a tract—never reprinted—which divided Socialists into two schools—Anarchist and Collectivist, or State Socialist—both agreeing on ultimate ends but differing over means.

The Anarchists themselves at this time were divided into two camps—the Individualists, owing allegiance to the ideas of Proudhon and Benjamin Tucker, and the Communists, led by Peter Kropotkin. Shaw, during his Anarchist phase, leaned more towards the former; and it was for the first issue of Henry Seymour's paper, *The Anarchist*, March, 1885, that Shaw wrote what is probably his only contribution to Anarchist literature. (Seymour, incidentally, like Bakunin, was chronically in debt and for a short period, after Kropotkin had paid off his creditors, became a convert to Communism. He thought that the latter was inconsistent with individual editorship of his paper, tried a system of "Communist" editorship by contributors, was dissatisfied with the results and—his debts paid—relapsed into individualism.)

Shaw's article deals with a question which is still asked by youthful converts to Anarchism. Despite a respectable native ancestry beginning with William Godwin, and despite the conferment of a knighthood on the best known of present-day anarchists, Herbert Read, the majority of Englishmen have persisted in regarding Anarchism as an alien creed: at its best, the fad of a few cranks and, at its worst, an excuse for criminals to wear cloaks and daggers and to manufacture home-made bombs. If the name "Anarchist" offends people's sensibilities, asks Shaw, why don't we drop it? Simply because our enemies won't let us, he replies. "They will take care to keep it fastened tightly upon us; and if we disown it, and yet, when challenged home, cannot deny it, will it not appear that we are ashamed of it? And will not our shame justly condemn us unheard?" Anarchists must, therefore, "live down calumny as many men from Primitive Christians to Quakers, and from Quakers to Socialists, have lived it down before us upon less occasion."

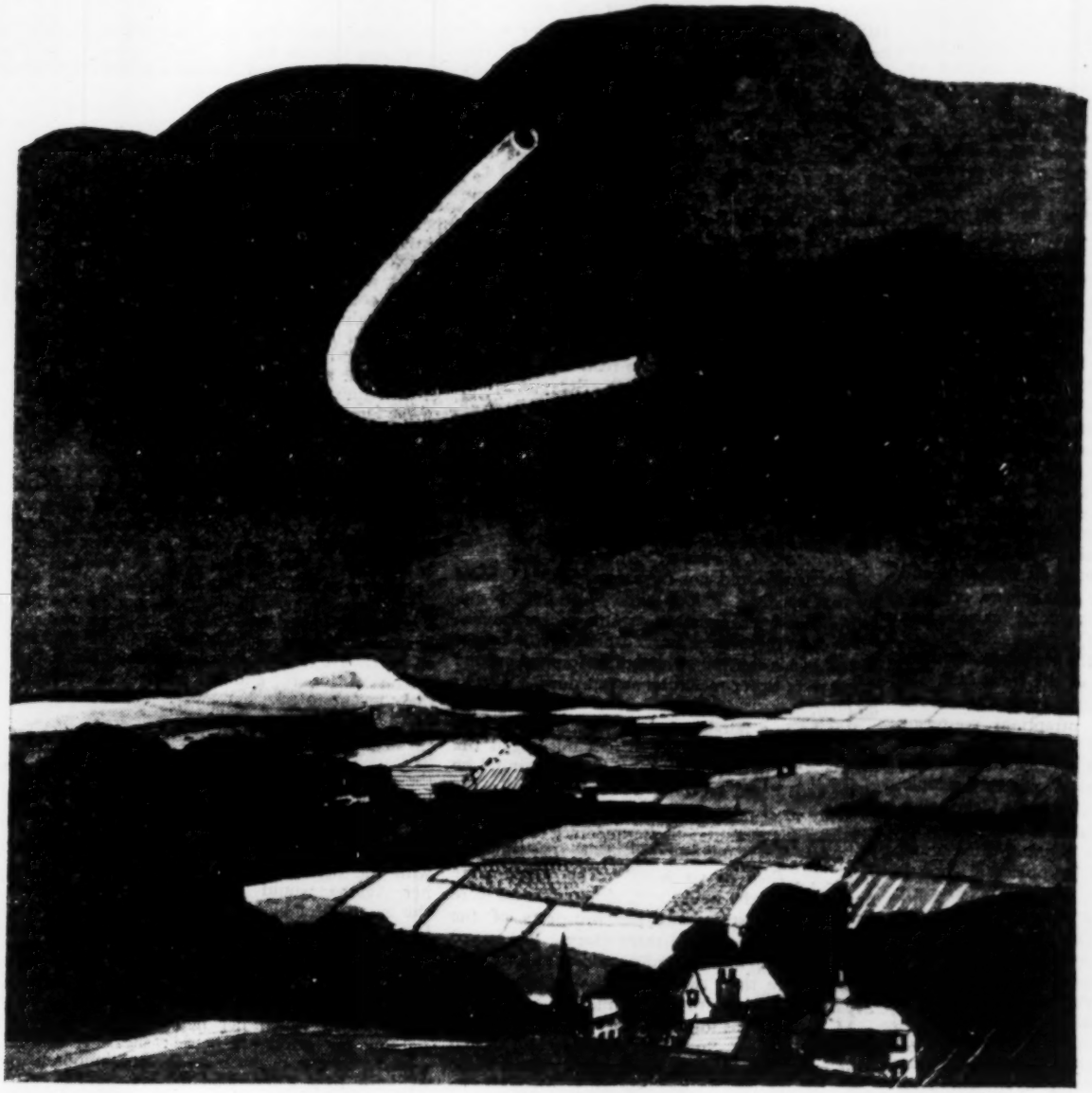
This question answered, Shaw turns to consider the prospects of Anarchism in England. He finds them encouraging: "What Socialists have done in England, Anarchists may do; for England is the fatherland of *laissez-faire;* and *laissez-faire,* in spite of all the stumblings it has brought upon itself by persistently holding its candle to the devil instead of to its own footsteps, is the torchbearer of Anarchism." The time has come, he continues, for English Socialists to consider whether "the great Scotchman," Adam Smith, was really such a fool as some collectivists take him for. "The collectivists would drive the money changers from Westminster only to replace them with a central administration, committee of public safety, or what not. Instead of 'Victoria, by the grace of God,' they would give us 'the Superintendent of such and such an Industry, by the authority of the Democratic Federation,' or whatever body we are to make our master under the new dispensation." The Anarchist, he concludes, recognises no authority and would call no man master.

> In favour of authority, from its simple enforcement by the rod in the nursery, to its complex organisation in "the minor state of siege," there is much to be said on every ground except that of experience. Were there twice as much, it is the mission of the Anarchist to obstruct its coming and to hasten its banishment; to mistrust its expediency, however specious the instance; and to maintain incessant protest against all its forms throughout the world.

A year before this article was published, Shaw had written his famous satirical letter to *Justice*, "criticising" the Marxian theory of surplus value, under the signature of "G. B. S. Larking." The title of the article in Seymour's paper: "What's in a name? (How an Anarchist might put it)", may prompt the question whether this was another case of G. B. S. Larking or, at least, of G. B. S. Doing-A-Good-Turn. Could the man whose collectivism was so ingrained that he could hail even Hitler and Mussolini as Socialists ever have paid a serious compliment to Adam Smith or rallied to the flag of Anarchy? But the evidence dispels these doubts. The article proved too good to be left in the decent obscurity of the files of an ephemeral Anarchist journal. A few years later, when Shaw, under Webb's tuition, had mastered Ricardian and Jevonian economics and had begun to deliver lectures on the impossibility of Anarchism, the impossibilists resurrected it and, under the title of *Anarchism versus State Socialism*, reprinted it for gratuitous distribution at Shaw's meetings. Thus, "G. B. S. Larking" or no, it was the Anarchists who had the last laugh.

GEOFFREY OSTERGAARD

TI takes wings



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Faites Vos Jeux

It's several months now since some workmen came in a lorry and unloaded lots of kerbstones along one section of my avenue. My neighbours and I went and looked upon them with much approval. There are properly laid kerbs in the bottom part of the avenue and at the top; but all that we have is a sort of bump where the footpath meets the roadway. This is advantageous to people with cars, for they can easily drive on to the footpath to park; but, as a result, even the little bump has disappeared in places or been reduced to a token parallel. And when rain falls heavily, we almost need a canoe to cross the road.

For years now, the mayor has been promising us to have kerbstones laid down and our stretch of roadway made up. But each year the town's income from the Taxe de Séjour has been insufficient for such an undertaking, and has therefore been allocated to the repairing of an alley-way or to a new fencing around the public gardens. This inadequacy of the poll-tax on summer visitors must not be thought to imply that our seaside resort is lacking in popularity; in fact, the number of holiday-makers staying here increases each year. It is just this increase, however, that facilitates the attempts of hotel-keepers and villa-owners to avoid paying the tax on their clients and guests. M. Marchal, our town clerk, gifted though he is, can only succeed in ensuring that some of the people pay part of the tax for some of the time. "*La dissimulation est quasi-inévitable*," was how he correctly and succinctly summed-up the matter one evening, glancing keenly at me. I avoided his eye, and put him in check with my Queen.

However, the arrival of the kerbstones seemed an indication of optimism at the town hall. In the spring, the local *cantonniers* went round the town with their medieval contraptions, scattering pebbles and squirting tar to fill up potholes. They did the top half of my avenue and the bottom half, but scrupulously avoided the middle. My neighbour, M. Gérard, the shoe-shop proprietor, considered this to be a favourable sign; nor was he alone in thinking thus, in our part of the avenue. "Ah," people said approvingly, "they'll be mending our stretch properly soon, when the kerbstones are put down. There's no point, you see, in just filling in the potholes now. For once, they're showing some sense."

But when the French appear to be rational it is, I have always found, an ominous and disturbing omen. Weeks passed and nothing happened, except that the piles of kerbstones settled down lower and served for children to play games on. Then a contractor visited the town with large mechanical machines for road-levelling and tarring, and two men repaired the main street in a few hours. "Ah," many people said, rather sadly. "France is becoming Americanised." But some were far from thinking this—those in my part of the avenue, who only saw the mechanical roadmending when they went for a walk.

"You see," M. Marchal explained to me, "the main street is classed as a *chemin vicinal*, and so we can use the income from the Taxe Vicinale on that. But most of the avenues are comparatively new, and money to repair them must be found from other sources. From the rates and taxes, you say? *Mais, mon cher*—things aren't as simple as that, each tax has its defined object. Use the surplus from some of them? *Ecoutez*—to get a surplus transferred from its account requires the permission of the Prefect, the Tax Collector, and a whole army of *fonctionnaires*. Besides, we never have any surplus. Deficit, yes; *excédent*, no. A Budget that produces an *excédent*," pronounced M. Marchal, looking stern for once, "is a badly compiled Budget."

It was about this time that the elections for local councillors began. After the first round of voting it was possible for single, independent candidates to stand for election; and M. Gérard, my neighbour, a tall man with impulsive habits and sudden enthusiasms, put himself up for election. His programme was a simple one—to lay down kerbstones wherever they were needed in the town, using local labour. He had some posters printed and went round the town with a little pot of paste and a brush, sticking them up. Most of his neighbours at least must have voted for him, because he got 41 votes. But this was still 400 fewer than he needed to be elected.

Nevertheless, his gesture may have had some effect on the mind of our dynamic little mayor, who was elected anew for a further six years. When I next saw M. Marchal, he greeted me with a wide yet modest smile. "The mayor," he announced, "has at last obtained permission from the Ministry of Finance for roulette to be played in our casino this summer. So you'll get your kerbstones put down and the roadway made up. You don't see the connection? But you know, the town gets a percentage of the stakes? Well then, think of what the *produit des jeux* will come to now we have roulette tables. Every casino has baccarat and boule, but very few have roulette as well. And that's what attracts the big gamblers—more than one resort has been made by it."

"And their avenues made up?"

"*Exactement, mon cher.*"

The news could not have reached M. Gérard by that evening. "You know," he said to me, as we stood gazing at the stubborn kerbstones, "I reckon these were stacked here by the mayor as part of his election campaign, to impress people. They were never meant to be put down. *C'était du bluff.*"

But he is a fair-minded person, and was only too pleased to hear that he had misjudged the mayor. "Then let's stroll up to the casino," he suggested, "and see how we're doing." In the brightly lit gaming room the head croupier was chanting his monotonous commentary to a throng of people. "*Faites vos jeux . . . . Les jeux sont faits . . . Rien ne va plus.*" The chips were numerous on the tables and, although most were of the cheapest colour, the prospects of the *produit des jeux* seemed satisfactory. We stayed a while, giving a commending nod to anyone who staked more than two chips at once, and then began to walk back to our avenue.

M. Gérard was idly counting the kerbstones as we passed them. Suddenly he turned and started walking back with long deliberate strides. "Do you know what I've just discovered?" he whispered urgently when he joined me again. "Why—there's only enough of them to go along one side." For a moment he looked helplessly around him. "There's only one thing to do," he then said in a determined voice. "I'm going to play 500 francs on the tables. After all," he added, setting off again towards the casino, "one might win something too!"

And perhaps I might suggest that should you visit our casino next summer—"*Messieurs, 'Dames, faites vos jeux.*"

LEN ORTZEN

VOLUME II

Kinsey! Thy pages studiously rehearse
How female still may go from pet to worse;
Deliverance from frustration is thy tale—
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DAVID DAICHES

The Arts and Entertainment

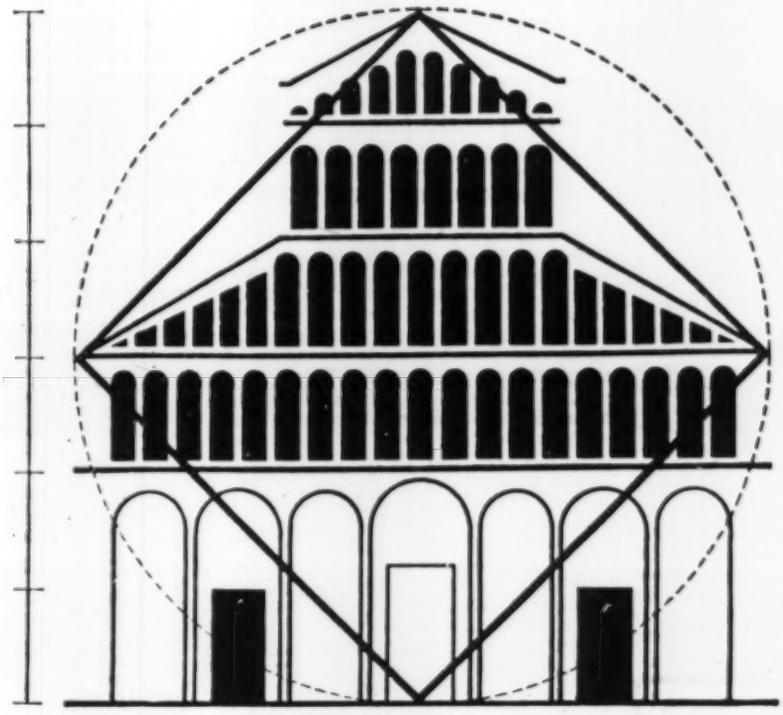
RETURN TO LIFE

Everyone who saw it will remember Miss Bridget Boland's striking play *Cockpit* in which she turned the theatre into a Displaced Persons' camp and treated the audience as part of that discordant bewildered Babel. In *The Return* she has set herself a very different, but no less difficult, technical problem—how, within the limits of four-wall drama, to convey spiritual problems and changes of heart. Behind it the play has a most fascinating idea. Agatha Fosdyke has been for thirty years a nun, a member of an enclosed order. At the age of 58 she has lost her sense of vocation and prevailed on the authorities to give her a dispensation to give up her vows and return to the world.

Her advisers, the Prioress and the Chaplain to the convent, try to persuade her that at her age the adjustment will be too difficult. She was a daughter of a great Norfolk Catholic family: but since 1913 when she left the world, the house has become a requisitioned property used by one of the Ministries and the only surviving members of the family are herself and a son of one of her sisters who disgraced herself by marrying a non-Catholic. Besides, they tell her, the whole world has so altered since 1913 that she cannot hope to find any place in it. But she is a woman of quiet and persistent determination and she gets her way. She has a very small income in trust for her and the nephew agrees to give her a home in his minute flat off the Fulham Road. The nephew is a failure "running up and down the bottom two rungs" of business, but he has had a traumatic experience as a prisoner of war and has made it his private mission to offer his aunt an alternative to enclosure and to make her happy in the world. He and his young wife arrive at the convent to take her away. And this brings us to the end of the first act.

Perhaps we have taken rather too long to get there, for the idea of this return is so arresting that we want to know, long before we are allowed to, what the impact of 1953 will be upon—for this is what it comes to—a 1913 girl now aged 58. The more vulgar side of our curiosity is barely satisfied. Miss Boland is a little perfunctory with the details of the tremendous differences her Agatha would have encountered because she is out after bigger game than this. But the fact is that in the theatre we are all vulgar, vulgar fractions of an audience which can feel cheated if that side of our expectations is roused and then not appeased. Aunt Agatha accepts very calmly the loss of the family house: she accepts the little flat in which her nephew and niece are fighting out a private battle: she only resents—and who can blame her—the continuous blare of music from a thousand too loud radios. But she can't find her niche. Good works seem the obvious employment for a displaced nun. But the Welfare State seems to have rendered charity in the old sense obsolete and she is not able to make herself at home with the new kind of good works as exemplified by the Warden of an East End Settlement. Mr. Roy Malcolm gives an amusing account of this character who offers a cure for juvenile delinquency in Activity infused with a little weak Art.

But the problems of Agatha Fosdyke are really far above these mundane questions (and the play goes wrong, I think, in that case in giving the wrong kind of importance to them). Her problems are personal and spiritual. The life of an enclosed nun is devoted to the love of God. Agatha found herself incapable of that complete selfless devotion: yet nothing less will satisfy her. The second best—the love of man—is beyond her, or below her temperament. She is a *dévote manquée* and therefore one for whom there is literally no hope. The solution that she tries to persuade us that she finds is not convincing—to "accept life"



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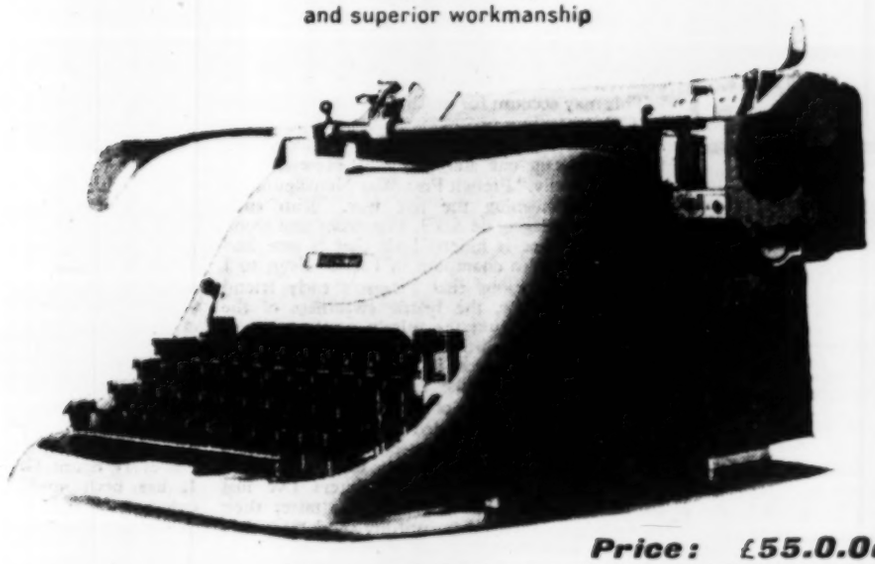

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without any spiritual pretensions, to take it simply as she finds it and get herself a job in the first factory that will employ her. Nor is Miss Boland's contrivance for bringing her back to the convent to make this decision any more convincing than the decision itself.

Still, it will be seen that this play travels far and aims deep. The writing is often distinguished; there are some excellent lines. No one could so convince us of the spiritual crisis in which the heroine is placed as Miss Flora Robson does. She has a remarkable power of evoking our compassion without so much as touching the edges of sentimentality. She moves us profoundly by displaying not her weakness but her strength. A remarkable performance.

Another remarkable performance of a very different kind has been on view at the King's, Hammersmith, where Mr. Donald Wolfit has been acting Sir Giles Overreach in Massinger's *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*. This was the part in which, when Kean first played it (as a programme note reminds us), "Lord Byron in his box fell into a convulsive fit, and Mrs. Glover who played Lady Allworth, fainted away." Such transports of emotion will seem excessive to us now not because Mr. Wolfit is not perfectly capable of raising them if they were available, but because the play itself is so naive that we can no longer believe a word of it. Its naivety is its charm, yes. But it cannot engage us. Sir Giles is an anticipated villain from Victorian melodrama, a usurer mercilessly wrecking the lives of the feckless nobility who get into his clutches. Mr. Wolfit plays him full out and with a wonderful bravura burst for the great last scene when the monster goes mad and loses the use of his fighting arm. This was a rarity worth reviving for its associations. *A Clandestine Marriage*, which is the last of the classical productions at the King's, Hammersmith this year, is worth reviving for a different reason; in it Mr. Wolfit gives one of the great comedy performances seen since the war.

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FROM PARIS AND VENICE

AT the Leicester Galleries the "Paintings from France" are by the thirteen very dissimilar artists whose pictures are always to be seen at Galerie Louise Leiris, in its little courtyard off the rue d'Astorg. This is the gallery which is directed by the man who is in many ways the most distinguished—and historic—of living dealers, Daniel-Henry Kahnweiler. These are the painters who, with all Paris to choose from, M. Kahnweiler has, through the years, selected and presented to the world as his protegés and favourites; and that choice must carry special weight, however strange we may find the inclusion of some of his younger painters, because Kahnweiler it was who first supported Braque, Picasso, Gris and Léger.

That Kahnweiler's choice now ranges over a wide field is made clear by the hanging of the Leicester Galleries' show. The further of the two rooms contains the four masters I have mentioned, accompanied by younger and less formidably distinguished painters whose inspiration is essentially Cubist—Kermadec (the most original), Beaudin (the most austerely methodical and dry—but very beautifully so) and Françoise Gilot (the youngest of the lot). The first room, however, is a complete contrast: here everything is soft, furry, rainbow-coloured and as lacking in Cubist emphasis on structure as anything well could be. Is the infallible detective of 1910 still right? Are the soft, romantic realism and surrealism of this first roomful proof of a sensibility still truly extending itself and growing? Or merely of a decaying certainty? Or is it that Kahnweiler, surfeited long ago on works of giant vigour and true greatness, was latterly compelled, by a subtle perverse logic, to embrace only the exact opposites of his first loves? In one thing he has been completely consistent. He has never approved the non-figurative. From the great Cubists, right through to the youngest Cubists like Gilot, and to the soft realists like Roux and Rouvre, he has believed in the figurative criterion.

This may account for much. A profound belief in Cubism often precludes sympathy with the most vital and energetic of Cubism's successors—the movement one may only at present label unsatisfactorily "French Post-War Non-figurative Painting"—meaning the late war. With such artists as Soulages, de Staël, Manessier and so on ruled out, there is indeed little that is new and significant left to champion in Paris. Even so I find it very curious that Picasso's early friend should offer, now, the brittle sweetness of the elderly Elie Lascaux; the purely pretty mists of later Masson; the worthy calligraphic realism, boring in colour but sincere in form, of Gaston-Louis Roux (who painted like Léger, or the stained-glass window Picassos of 1931, before the war); the rather heavy-handed decorativeness of Suzanne Roger; or the watery derivations from Cézanne, via Tal Coat, of his latest discovery, Yves Rouvre. Certainly the painters I've just named are possessed of remarkable taste; their surfaces are calm and beautifully moderate; they perfectly understand the *use* of colour and the *use* of design. They know exactly what they are doing and do not, consequently, strain their pictorial means. In a word, they are as professional as only the French, in any numbers, can be. Their effect is civilising, soothing but never really exciting. They lack, above all, energy. Now energy shows itself first and foremost in *structural* invention, in *compositional* tension and balance. Thus the most energising of all the painters in this collection are the Cubists, great and small. For Cubism *is* structure. A perfect small Braque and the massive yet electric, startled and startling Picasso with the *Buste de Femme*—and like things—apart, the most impressive paintings here are the incredibly spatial pictures by Kermadec, with their string-like lines as it were *threading* space itself; the Beaudins; and the formal still-lifes of Françoise Gilot, particularly the earlier white one. Despite the great influence of Picasso on her work she survives in her own right—a composer of strength and invention. Only her colour is uncertain; it is violent and lacking in luminosity.

And now to Venice—or rather, the Hanover Gallery, where a Venetian of international repute, Giuseppe Santomaso, holds his first English exhibition. His "abstract" landscapes of Venice and its surroundings are intensely figurative. They have the energy and sweep of Hitchens; but not his extreme plastic sensuousness. They also have the nervous, tensely evocative "string lines" of a Kermadec, wandering up, through, over or across the great broad Hitchens-like washes of intense, luminous colour. This is a fascinating combination—the calm, broadbrushed masses acting perfectly against the writhing or taut drawing of the black lines of charcoal. Incidentally, another of the best Italian painters, Afro, works in a similar manner, combining charcoal and oil paint—but to quite different effect. In such beautiful landscapes as *Paesaggio* (2) or *Strutture nella nebbia* (7) the black lines which cut across the brilliant sheets of colour are near vines seen against sky or a more distant tree-mass (in the first); and scaffolding, gondola-prow and ropes seen against pale yellow fog—encompassing both sky and canal surface—in the other.

PATRICK HERON

PETER GRIMES

Peter Grimes, first heard at Sadler's Wells in June, 1945, went on to sweep through the world as no opera had done since *Turandot* appeared in 1926. It seemed to clinch our much talked of English musical renascence. The opera moved from Sadler's Wells to Covent Garden in 1947, in a not altogether satisfactory production by Tyrone Guthrie and not altogether satisfactory sets by Tanya Moiseiwitsch. For four years, alas, it left the repertory. Now it has been reproduced by John Cranko in the old sets slightly adapted by Roger Ramsdell.

We hear it—or could hear it—in the light of the later masterpieces: three chamber and two grand operas. But the relation of *Grimes* to its successors is a matter for consideration later on. On the first night we may have noticed such things as the *Billy Budd* music implicit in Balstrode's "In the black moment when your friend suffers"; but more immediate is the absolutely fresh impact of the opera—almost as if we had forgotten it was a great work. Since *Wozzeck*, where have we heard such compassion? Since *Otello*, where such musical and dramatic sweep to acts, or such overwhelming ensembles? Where else at all in opera can we find so rich a depiction of actuality? *Grimes* proves irresistible because in it all the elements of Britten's genius come together: deep, human compassion with suffering, lyrical invention, uncanny skill in scoring, a sure sense of dramatic effect, an electrifying command of choral writing, the ability to fuse words with unforgettable tones, to create character in a phrase. On every count *Grimes* is a great work of art. It has been studied at great length in these columns before: let us consider the particular performance.

Cranko has treated the climactic points in the tragedy—Peter's entry into the pub, Ellen's long, motionless gazing out to sea at the end—with imagination. All but one: there is a suggestion of staginess in Peter's groping through the nets at his last entrance. It is too crudely symbolic of what the music has already told us. The chorus at the big moments—particularly at the shattering shouts of "Peter Grimes"—is well handled; in the scenes of actuality there is some-

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times too much decoration. Nets are always tricky on the stage, and these fishermen do not seem to be doing anything very useful with them. Ned and Balstrode turn the capstan in Scene 1, but the rope does not move. People scamper about as if the opposite wings, not home, were their objective when the storm comes. And in real life the Nieces would not lie still for quite so long after being pushed into the gutter; the four women would not stand like a tableau waiting for the curtain to come down. This detail matters, for any element of stylisation or theatricality is out of place in *Grimes*.

The tragedy depends, in part, on its being set in busy life. There is a wealth of sharply limned characters (more perhaps than in any other opera), and these are very well played by the Covent Garden company. Especially one might mention the Boles of Raymond Nilsson (his first large part in Covent Garden) and the Rector of John Lanigan. Ideally we should have more naturalistic sets, and not be conscious that the same steps and platform are serving in each of the first three scenes. Peter Pears repeats his incomparably sensitive understanding study of Grimes. On the first night there seemed to be a touch of self-consciousness at the start, reflected in some unconvincing attitudes. It soon disappeared as he and we were caught up in the music. As Ellen, Sylvia Fisher, touching and beautiful artist, was entirely satisfying. One could imagine a more brilliant reading of the score than Reginald Goodall's, but his is both tender and vital.

The Covent Garden company (and intensely enjoyable performances of *Bohème* and *Ballo* have confirmed this) are in better shape now than ever before. Indeed they can surely rank, on this season's showing, with, say, the Bavarian State Opera. Repertory is less adventurous—that is at the moment inevitable in England. But there have been first-rate solo performances, and a first-rate level of orchestral playing, lighting, production, and general prowess. The chorus-acting is indicative of this; apart from some pushing (how awful pushing looks among stage crowds—the Wells seem very prone to it at the moment), and a rather faint opening to the "Borough" song, the chorus in *Grimes* was about as good as one could hope to see and hear.

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SOVIET DANCING

So little has been seen of Soviet dancing in this country and so much has been written in its adulation—although the ballets are on the whole dismissed as propagandist or vulgar—that a recital of Soviet dancers raised great hopes and curiosity. But the result of their concert at the Festival Hall last week was generally disappointing, especially where the strictly classical ballet was concerned. Alla Shelest, a prima ballerina at the Leningrad Kirov State Opera and Ballet Theatre, and her partner, Konstantin Shatilov, danced the dramatic *pas de deux* from the third act of *Le Lac des Cygnes* as though it was merely a test of athletic prowess: it was all muscle and strain. Miss Shelest was no doubt nervous, this supreme test coming at the start of the programme; the floor was slippery; the setting of vacant orchestra benches dismal to see. But allowing for all this, there was no hint of subtlety in her interpretation, no delicacy of line, and nothing to evoke that sense of wicked, autocratic passion that Odile personifies in the story. There was a grand manner that filled the hall, a strong technique and bold but ugly carriage of the arms, which I also noticed in the style of dancing shown in the Soviet film, *Gala Festival*. It was apparent that this ballerina had attained nothing near the standard of sensitive artistry gained by such Western stars as Markova, Fonteyn and Chauviré. The *pas de deux* was used by both the Russian dancers as a vehicle to show how high they could jump and how fast they could twiddle. Mr. Shatilov was a sound, self-effacing partner, and in the scenes from Prokofiev's *Romeo and Juliet* and the Shostakovitch Waltz carried his partner up to dramatic aerial postures in the most satisfying manner. Indeed, it is in the air that these dancers excel. They sometimes achieve the three stages of a leap that a Russian teacher used to drum into me so constantly at the daily class. "You go up! You stand in the air! You come down!" Georgi Farmanyantz was the best soloist of the group, with a fine, soaring grace and a feeling for the natural, strong gesture that is so sadly lacking in our own tuition of male dancers. To watch him, or the three bounding folk dancers, who went through traditional steps crouched on the ground like a trio of brilliantly drilled frogs, gave a pleasure that came up to one's expectations of the Soviet ballet.

In a new programme Ballet Workshop continues to give people chances at the Mercury theatre with more courage than discrimination. This institution is certainly valuable as a small shop window for new choreographers, designers and musicians; but it would develop more interesting work if its directors showed some fastidiousness in their choice. There is the feeling at Ballet Workshop performances that anyone with an idea has been given a chance, whereas it should only be anyone with a good idea. Doubtless, there are not so many good ideas going; but until there is a more careful selection of prospective ballets the good ideas will not be so likely to thrive and breed in the minds of ambitious young artists.

ANNABEL FARJEON

RADIO NOTES

Turgenev's *A Poor Gentleman* is not, I suppose, a play that is often staged or for that matter often read; certainly it was unknown to me until broadcast the other day in the Third. As a play it struck me as slight—a dramatised anecdote—and not skilful in its dramatic strategy: I doubt whether it would hold the stage. Yet once more one is in the Third's debt. Perhaps it was immature Turgenev, but only Turgenev could have written it: it was delightful and at times almost too poignant; and in some respects at any rate the mastery of this most sympathetic of the great Russians was plain from the word go; there we were, as soon as the butler opened his mouth to chivvy the serfs, firmly in the nineteenth-century Russian country house with its confusion of east and west, its feudalism, its purely personal allegiances, its sophistication and its barbarism. The weakness of the play is that essentially it is a one-part play. The minor characters are most vividly done, but they remain minor, grouped round the central figure of the Poor Gentleman. He was played by Mr. Carleton Hobbs, whose wonderful performance proved once again that he is by far the best radio actor in the country. In his silliness, humility and dignity Mr. Hobbs was superb, and the scene in which he is made drunk by the uncouth landowners and baited and goaded until he blurts out the revelation which is the core of the play, was the most intensely moving thing I have heard in any radio play for years. After that, interest slackened; almost anything was bound to be anti-climax; but that scene, with its qualities of remorselessness and wholly unsentimental pity, only a very great writer could have carried it out and, perhaps, only a nineteenth-century Russian at that.

The pleasure got from Turgenev's play was greater than one had anticipated, but disappointment must be recorded as well, and what is one to say of Mr. Christopher Salmon's series of eight talks *Prospect of Britain*, four of which have been heard at the time of writing? Perhaps one had expected the wrong thing. In the past, Mr. Salmon has broadcast in the Third some extremely illuminating talks on American attitudes and assumptions, so it was with some excitement one read that for some months he had been travelling throughout the country "talking to a wide variety of people, and trying to form a coherent view of the kind of society in which we now live." Would the result be a 1953 analogue to *A Tour thro' the Whole Island of Great Britain*, a new *English Journey* or even something comparable to Dr. Ferdynand Zweig's admirable *The British Worker* and *Women's Life and Labour*? Alas, it has been—so far at any rate—nothing at all like these; Mr. Salmon may have set out with high hopes; he has come back, I am afraid, in a state of what I can only describe as portentous verbosity. Indeed judging from the content of these talks, he had no need to make his journey at all, for never was there so much generalisation based on such meagre evidence of observation. The observation, I am bound to say, seems to me of a commonplace order, the generalisations either platitude or of very dubious soundness, though put over with great assurance and an air of brand-new discovery. Whatever Mr. Salmon may have seen in his travels in these islands he has swamped in his own subjectivity, and for me the experience of listening to his talks has been like nothing so much as my attempts years ago to extract meaning from the highly confident prose of the late Count Hermann Keyserling: surely, one felt, such a spate of impressive-sounding words must be saying something, but what?

The London Home Service, which doubtless knows its own business best, did not take the joint Midland-West of England programme *Three Cities of the Future*. I found it of much interest. Broadcast on the anniversary of the 1941 blitz on Coventry, it was a report on the progress made in the reconstruction of that city, of Plymouth and of Rotterdam, with architects, engineers and officials of all three telling of their problems and achievements. An encouraging report, though I wish the representatives of Coventry could have mentioned the civic theatre they propose to build. But what made the programme and gave it its authority, lifted it right above the level of self-congratulation it might otherwise have existed on, was its ending, with Mr. Thomas Sharp's criticisms of the plans adopted by the three cities.

WILLIAM SALTER

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"Monsieur Hulot's Holiday," at the Curzon
"Time in the Sun," at the Continentale

Monsieur Hulot's Holiday is Jacques Tati's second film, and that should be enough recommendation for those who saw the first. In fact they will get a pleasant surprise: this new harlequinade is both funnier and more stylish than *Jour de Fête*. M. Tati himself presents a quite new figure, he writes better, and his eye has developed. What he sees this time is a little seaside place in Brittany and its single hotel with an Anglo-French clientèle. A meal must be near. The door opens and a terrible gale sweeps through the crowded ante-room, ruffling hair, lifting skirts, swinging lamps, staying a waiter in his course, and throwing into confusion everything except the radio which roars away unperturbed.

Of course, it is M. Tati who opens the door: he has just arrived in an explosive motor-car, and is no less of the old school himself. He bustles round to open a door, he salutes winningly, he has all the manoeuvres of one who is cramming the seaside holidays of a lifetime into this fortnight. He can't, for some moments, even speak, having bags in each hand and a pipe in his mouth, which the hotel proprietor has to remove for him.

I'm not sure that, even with the pipe gone, he speaks. That ungainly body, clad in very short flannels, something blazerish or marine, and a small shading panama, has no need or possibility of words. He is a marionette as is the Guardsman on or off duty, with inflexible legs, unseen eyes, and unknowable thoughts, sudden movements of attention and frightening shows of affability. So many clowns have been small, poppety, pathetic; here is one large and heartwhole. Tati's skill has been to usurp the Napoleonic centre, occupied (merely to cite the screen) by such as Chaplin and Buster Keaton. His awkwardness is exploited with much agility: he plays tennis with a fiendishness of drive, he hurries to lug unliftable bags through the front door and disappears with them, running, out at the back, he attends the ladies as might a camel trained since infancy by Dame Ninette de Valois. What has speech to do with all this?

No more do his fellow holiday-makers require elaborate conversation to express themselves: monosyllabically they approve or disapprove the menu in the hall, bestow their good-mornings distantly and their soup-or-hors-d'oeuvres to one another, while the waiter lifts eyebrows, shrugs shoulders and moves lips—a most expressive performance this, from Raymond Carl. He is more like a waiter than any waiter I have ever known. And so is the hotel more seaside-hotellish than any I have ever been in or dreamt of.

Here is mass-observation as enjoyable as Emmer's excursion from Rome, and more expertly developed: what evolves here are not "stories" but people in the round as in caricatures who will forever "come again next year." Character is conveyed in almost speechless, much-repeated actions. Not that *Monsieur Hulot's Holiday* is silent. Far from it: the roar of gales, wireless, or a shed-full of fireworks lets loose that inferno of din in which humanity seems to enjoy itself. Such the background, or more often foreground. In a tennis match, ping-pong, funeral disrupted, and fireworks let off Tati achieves the ecstasy of fun. If not a great comedian, he is coming near it.

One may enjoy Eisenstein's *Time in the Sun* like the Elgin marbles as a hacked torso of a masterpiece. By now its legend is so complete that we can believe in his having found his "living history," and the shortcomings of this devout but fragmentary reconstruction only add the belief. The sense of magnificence lost, but still recoverable, makes a journey to the Continentale an experience.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Correspondence

GERM WARFARE

SIR,—Dr. Needham claims that it is inexact to suppose that the cogency of the "proof" of germ warfare was founded upon the admissions of the captured American airmen. As other scientists have pointed out, no proof has ever been offered that American airmen dropped the fleas, voles and other exhibits collected in North Korea and China. The gap in the chain of evidence is blatant; that is why, as we now learn, something like a hundred American airmen were conditioned by repulsive methods to make suitable "confessions." Four of these were brought before the so-called International Scientific Commission after treatment which Dr. Needham and his colleagues said "was worthy of the best traditions of Chinese humanism." All four have recanted on oath since gaining their freedom.

As a check on the credibility or credulity of the Commission, here is what they said of the airmen: "The Commission had the opportunity of extended conversations with these men under conditions of free discourse. Its members unanimously formed the opinion that no pressure, physical or mental, had been brought to bear upon these prisoners of war in order to induce them to make the declarations which they made. These declarations were made of their own free will, after long experience of the friendliness and kindness of their Chinese and Korean captors had brought to them the realization that their duty to all races and peoples must outweigh their natural scruples at revealing what might be considered the military secrets of their own government."

Alistair Cooke recently spent a couple of days with one of the four, and he told us in last week's "Letter from America" just how this young man was conditioned by "Chinese humanism." When the prisoner had succumbed, and before the Chinese thought him safe "to put on show," they made him write out the same story just short of a hundred times. And the night before he went into the confessional room before Dr. Needham, he was warned that if he dared to go back on his story when he got in front of the scientists he would be taken out at once and shot.

This is not really a scientific problem, though it can be made to appear one. There is nothing surprising in outbreaks of disease in time of war, nor that a population recently made germ-conscious should discover insects in places where it had never found them, and probably never looked for them before; nor that some of these should turn out to be disease carriers. Nor should it surprise anyone familiar with the reactions even of an educated population to the stress of air warfare, that a rumour of this kind should arise. Probably many of Dr. Needham's Chinese scientific friends are innocent enough; they merely did laboratory tests on material supplied them. The real horror comes from the men higher up, whatever their nationality, who saw the chance of making political capital out of flimsy rumours, and because the evidence which they could collect had a vital gap resorted to torture to supply it. They are more realistic than Dr. Needham, and saw clearly that the world would need something better than the reported passage of an aeroplane within earshot of a peasant collecting flies before it believed their story.

Professor A. V. Hill wrote last May in this context that he had a strong repugnance to the prostitution of science for purposes of propaganda. I agree with him.

G. P. THOMSON

The Master's Lodge,
Corpus Christi College,
Cambridge.

THE CASE AGAINST DR. JAGAN

SIR,—Although I know that the National Executive of the Labour Party are quite capable of defending their attitude to Dr. Jagan in not giving him a platform, I feel I should say how much I admired their stand and how grateful at least 49 per cent. of the people of British Guiana are for their opposition to Dr. Jagan.

It is wrong for you to give the impression that Dr.

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Jagan represents the people of Guiana and that the contest in British Guiana is one between the people (supposedly all the non-European, who are 95 per cent. of the population) and the Governor. May I remind you that 49 per cent. of the people of British Guiana (mostly non-Europeans) voted against Jagan and the P.P.P., and it was only due to the fact that this 49 per cent. was divided among one hundred and eleven candidates, as against P.P.P.'s twenty-three, that the P.P.P. secured their handsome majority?

The Labour Party's insult to Dr. Jagan will be held to be directed *only* against Dr. Jagan and his hard core of followers, and will give new faith and strength to those forces in British Guiana (including the recognised trade unions which the P.P.P. Ministers attempted to liquidate) which detest Communism.

Even if it is the fact that Dr. Jagan was elected as a Nationalist and not a Communist, would that fact justify the Labour Party extending its platform to a known Communist and in ignoring completely the effect of such action among the sincere and genuine Labour leaders in British Guiana who are opposed to Communism?

I agree that Britain has so far "failed British Guiana in most of the ways that are possible," but this position will not be improved by the "puzzled young men" and the "ardent, awkward nationalists who inevitably inherited power." The position will only improve when ardent, responsible and intelligent young Guianese, aware of the economic consequences and international implications of their actions, inherit power.

The newly formed United Democratic Party of British Guiana, which consists of forces opposed to the P.P.P., are well aware of this and are formulating a policy which will restore confidence in the country and will, I hope, convince the people in British Guiana that their salvation lies in ordered economic planning and development and, with it, social advancement.

It is necessary, of course, that Great Britain should appreciate her responsibilities in Guiana—not only to the people there but to herself, because that Colony has now become a focal point, and the world will judge her on the policy she adopts over the next few months. She must begin to implement all those schemes on which her experts have been making recommendations all these years and must be prepared to spend large sums of money in providing the machines, labour and technical assistance necessary for the implementation of those schemes. How else can the people of British Guiana be convinced that sane and sober planning is their only hope of salvation?

For your information I should state that I am of African descent and am the Chairman of the United Democratic Party of British Guiana.

11 Clifton Gardens, JOHN CARTER
London, W.9.

SOCIETY AND THE HOMOSEXUAL

SIR,—Those of your correspondents who have written with sympathetic understanding of the problems of the homosexual are to be congratulated on thus publicly stating their views.

I feel, however, that the most disturbing aspect of this problem has not been fully emphasised—the overt assumption that a man of homosexual tendencies when seeking male company does so with only one object, and that a charge of importuning can be levelled and sustained against him on nothing more substantial than a friendly approach.

How many men of heterosexual nature have made approaches to strange females in moments of loneliness, with nothing more than the desire for company? Who would dare to assume that such an approach was conclusive evidence of intent to rape? To seek and enjoy the company of the opposite sex is not evidence of sexual promiscuity; and the same is true of the homosexual, who may be equally averse to sexual license.

Yet the homosexual, driven perhaps by intense loneliness and isolation to seek the friendly and comforting company of another male, is assumed to do so with specific intentions, and if apprehended, is liable to the due processes of the law.

Many homosexuals, of high integrity and impeccable character, have, because of their moral outlook and ethical standards, refused to follow their natural bent, and remained sexually abstinent. These men nevertheless find great pleasure and relief in the company of their own sex. Are they, too, to be placed in the unenviable position of never being able to make a friendly gesture of comradeship and sympathy towards a fellow human being in any public place for fear of being misunderstood and victimised?

It seems a great pity that the normal human instincts for companionship should have to be thus curbed—particularly as there are so many lonely people in big cities who are desperately in need of human contacts and fellowship. It is a sad reflection on the life of our time, that gregarious man should be rendered fearful not only of seeking out his fellows, but of giving even a passing salute in recognition of our common humanity.

EVE WILSON

SIR,—I have never been able to understand the discrimination between men and women homosexuals. Fourteen years ago I met a girl. I was married at the time, but my husband was killed in 1941. With this girl I set up a home. Since then, we have lived what is to us a most normal married life, except that we are denied the joy of having children. Our lives are so normal that we forget the abnormality until the subject comes to life again in the public eye. Perhaps only homosexuals can know what we suffered at the hands of society in our younger years and the tensity of the secret we must keep if we wish to live on good terms with the world. But at least we are not persecuted by the law as two men would be in our position.

One point, I think, should be emphasised, but seems to be overlooked by all your correspondents. There is morality and immorality in homosexual life just as in all love life. What is wrong is immoral homosexuality, the ceaseless and insincere drift, the enticement of youth. And there is another point which I think is over-emphasised: the connection between homosexuality and art. From observation I am convinced that homosexuals have no greater share of artistic talent than other people. They probably have as much: they have a fair share. This is a line of defence which invariably attracts youth, and it is not based on fact simply because we can point to some notable people as examples.

Public enlightenment is, of course, the basic need for tolerance, but the public tends to think what the law says is right and just. There is tragedy enough in the life of the homosexual without the chastisement of the law. LESBIAN

SIR,—The articles on homosexuality in your issue of October 31 will be welcomed by everyone who would like to see a little common sense and humanity brought to bear on this subject. It may be worth while, therefore, to clear up a certain confusion involved in the use of the title "The Abominable Crime" for one of them.

The "abominable crime" (a relic of ecclesiastical jurisprudence perpetuated in the Statute Book) is not coterminous with homosexuality. It consists of carnal knowledge *per anum* of man, woman or beast. The maximum penalty is penal servitude for life; and the passive party (who may be the wife of the culprit) is equally guilty if consenting. Few homosexuals, however, are addicted to this crime, and until 1885 most of them were free of the law unless they transgressed public decency. In that year a Criminal Law Amendment Act was passed which is the real legal scourge of most homosexuals. It made any act of "gross indecency" by a male with another male person, whether committed in public or in private, punishable by up to two years hard labour.

These laws are expressions respective of medieval superstition and Victorian prudery. They should be allowed to fall into desuetude, and any really anti-social conduct punishable by them should be dealt with under the laws relating to public decency, corruption of minors, and cruelty to animals.

5 Avenue House, N.W.3. ALEC CRAIG

SIR,—Your readers should know that there is now one type of medical treatment available for homosexuals. It has been discovered that chemically synthesised female hormones, in the form of *Stilboestrol* taken regularly in tablet form, will reduce all sexual desire in the male to an absolute minimum. Since last year I have, under the guidance of a competent medical psychiatrist, availed myself of this treatment; what might be termed a mechanical celibacy has been achieved. At 40 I am physically and nervously better than for over 20 years, energies have been released for intellectual and socially constructive purposes (fortunately, my vocation makes this feasible), and very acute mental conflict has been reduced to manageable proportions. In short, the price of celibacy has been brought down, although this method no more "cures" homosexuality than insulin cures diabetes. It amounts to a sort of temporary glandular castration, which can, however, be suspended by leaving off the tablets.

ONE OF THE ANONYMOUS

SIR,—I am an ordinary person, who reads a lot, and I know that homosexuality exists. It must be terrible indeed for those who come to realise they are genuinely homosexual. But to many, nowadays, it would seem a great "Cult" to be gone in for, merely for the thrill and danger of it. Those in the first category should, I am sure, be treated with humane understanding, but those in the other grade (and maybe it is hard to always differentiate?) should, in my mind, be jolted out of their horrid world of perversion (for perversion's sake) and be imprisoned, or fined heavily.

The letter you published from "Scientist" in a recent issue was sickeningly smug and degrading. He says: "to live in this world without affection is unsupportable. If we suppress our emotional life we wither . . ." I would like to remind him that *thousands* of ordinary men and women have to live in such conditions, and if they all thought as he did, what mockery would be made of even our tattered and disillusioned civilisation. I have been a widow for several years. No doubt "Scientist" would suggest that I, and thousands like me, rather than "wither," should go out into the streets and find ourselves physical mates?

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Such homosexuals as this writer, should awaken to the fact that they are not the only lonely people in the world—it is amazing how self-centred and pampered (in their thinking in relation to other people) are many homosexuals. They *love* being different—they are "above" ordinary people who realise that a happy sexual life, lasting a long time, is not given to many of us.

H. B.

[This correspondence is now closed.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

DYLAN THOMAS

SIR,—Miss Kathleen Raine speaks of "some editor of more than usual discrimination" who picked out the work of Dylan Thomas in the *Sunday Referee*. Let me give that editor's name: it was Victor B. Neuburg, who, for a year or more, ran a feature called "Poet's Corner," and who was directly instrumental in bringing about the publication of *Eighteen Poems*.

PAMELA HANSFORD JOHNSON

Nethergate House,
Clare, Suffolk.

HANDS AND BRAINS

SIR,—May I underline two points in Mrs. Balogh's valuable article, and make a third?

A usual feature of these self-destructive neuroses in students is the perfectionist syndrome. The sufferer has a compulsive need to keep up the appearance that all is well, fearing that he will be criticised and rejected if his difficulties are known. Hence the importance, stressed by Mrs. Balogh, of a source to which he can go with complete privacy. This is also why parents, dons—even a man's close friends—may not always see that a man is in trouble till it is too late. For the compulsive façade of well-being may be the last thing to crack.

When it does we are all disturbed to read about another student suicide. But is it not probable that for each of these there are several who contemplate it? And must there not be many more by whom the appearance of normality is maintained at a cost in happiness and efficiency which can only be guessed at? It is for these, too, that help in time, with easy and private access, is needed.

41 Bartlemas Road, R. R. SKEMP
Oxford.

SIR,—I refer to the article by Penelope Balogh in the current issue of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, and particularly to the idea quoted as being implicit in Mr. Henn's point of view "that nervous breakdown and suicide are misfortunes of working-class students only, unable to 'take' the stresses of collegiate life and the higher standards of Oxford and Cambridge." We are told that this idea is held by many others besides Mr. Henn.

Let them be disabused. There are statistics available which refute the idea. The Miners' Welfare National Scholarship Scheme, since 1926, has pioneered wider educational opportunities for working-class students—for "workers in or about coal-mines and their sons and daughters." Of the 378 scholars to whom awards have been made, 100 have been actual mineworkers and 278 have been the children of such workers. Scholarships have been held in almost every University, but 68 have been held at Oxford and Cambridge. No fewer than 75 of the 378 scholars have taken "firsts."

Careful contact is kept with scholars throughout their University careers. In the course of 27 years, there has been no case of a scholar's suicide and no award has been withdrawn on grounds of nervous breakdown. On the contrary, and often in face of great difficulty, the scholars appear to display a mental and emotional balance well above the average of the student population.

H. ATKINSON
Chief Officer and Secretary
Coal Industry Social Welfare Organisation

SIR,—Old customs die hard, and it not always good. For instance, let us take the traditional Polish attitude towards working. "It is a good thing, it is done by the peasant," was the general attitude of the leading classes. "Look here, is it not a shame?" shouted to me an elderly man, pointing at a youth in his smart Service to Poland uniform, as he was turning his hand in the dense dust and rubble at a building site.

Working, not as duty only, but as pleasure as well, was always sparsely sown in this country. That elderly man (he would prefer to be called "elderly gentleman") meant it was wrong to let such a nice young man do dangerous and heavy work: "Where are the German P.o.W.s? Should they not be doing such dirty work?"

But already new growth begins to emerge. You often meet industrial workers surrounded with general respect of the public: "He is making improvements on the machinery all by himself, and is performing 180 per cent. of the plan," is the explanation. Who knows? He soon may rise to become foreman and climb later higher to a managerial job.

Fifteen years ago, when it was pointed out there were too few sons of peasants in the Universities, the discussion was wound up with the words: "No use for them pushing themselves into Universities, they will, anyway, never get a position." Such folly, printed in a Warsaw daily, passed without a protest.

11 Listopada, 4, WILLIAM TYSZ
Warsaw.

THE HEART OF THE MATTER

SIR,—My attention has been drawn to Miss Audrey Harvey's letter in your issue of October 31 about the film *The Heart of the Matter*.

I should like to assure her that the change in the ending of the film as compared with the climax of the novel was not due to any action taken by the British Board of Film Censors, of which I am the secretary.

A. T. L. WATKINS

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Books in General

LIKE a string of well-laden yaks, whose bulky packages hold everything the party needs from crampons to *The Spirit of Man*, the procession of Everest expedition books stretches from 1921 to 1953. They form an impressive rather than an elegant category of literature; for they are expected to do so many things that have no connection with the making of a good book. The expedition story must thank everybody, from the firms which contributed £100 to the ladies who sewed name-tapes on windjackets. It must serve science (though technical findings can be sealed off in appendices). It cannot be too personal, for it is a record of what the party did as a whole; it must also be something of a report to the sponsors and patrons. It must be written soon after the action, to fulfil a contract made before it began—for expeditions are partly financed by selling book rights in advance. It must usually, by the terms of the contract, be the responsibility of the leader (though sections may be contributed by others); but we have no right to expect that the man with the gift of organising and leading should also be outstanding with the pen. It was a bonus, so to speak, that General Norton, Eric Shipton and H. W. Tilman should also be good writers.

The expedition book is bound to be something of a hotch-potch; yet each of the Everest sequence has its own character and flavour. The main theme of the first, Howard-Bury's *Everest: The Reconnaissance, 1921*, is the search for a possible route, with Mallory's and Bullock's discovery, after their wide cast round the mountain, of the glacier that was the key to the northern approach. Thirty years later the theme of search recurs, in Shipton's *Mount Everest Reconnaissance, 1951*, but this time from the South. Discovery is more fascinating than assault; and there is a spare elegance about both Mallory's and Shipton's narratives that reflects the character of their light, tough travelling. In Bruce's *Assault on Mount Everest, 1922*, the tone becomes more official, responsibility begins to weigh. More people are involved, on the mountain and in the book, yet its theme comes through: the revelation of what men can do at heights where life had been supposed impossible. Norton's *Fight for Everest, 1924*, moves painfully to the climax: Odell, alone on the upper part of the mountain, scanning the slabs for the two who never came back. It is a number of incidents, rather than a prevailing mood, that remain in the mind from Ruttledge's *Everest, 1933*, and *Everest, 1936* — the finding of Mallory's ice-axe, Smythe's solitary climb to 28,000 feet, and sense of an invisible companion. Perhaps *Mount Everest, 1938*, has the most satisfying unity of the pre-war volumes, for it is stamped throughout with H. W. Tilman's deprecating humour, avoidance of "enthusiasm" and contempt for material aids like oxygen and special foods. Recounting great deeds, in which he himself took part, he yet seems to quiz us: Do we really want to climb Everest after all?

The record of last year's Swiss expeditions* breaks new ground in several directions. For the first time in an Everest book we get a whiff of that natural resentment which climbers of other nations felt at the virtual British monopoly of the mountain before the war. Instead of the conventional tributes to predecessors there is some sharp criticism of individual expeditions: an implication that the British were too much the amateurs, that success would have come on the Tibetan route to climbers who had really tried. There is, too, a refreshing acknowledgement of that wish for fame of which, unlike the first Elizabethans, we have become so scared. "It is worth while," ran a memorandum of the Swiss Foundation for Alpine Research, "to climb the highest peak in the world; the deed would always be mentioned in history books." The Swiss narrative is a patchwork of short factual accounts, magnificently illustrated—André Roch on the ice-fall, Asper on his gymnastics across the great crevasse, Dittert on the struggle to the South Col, Lambert on his heroic and terrible climb with Tensing to 28,300 feet. There is an impression of illumination and shock: as if nothing in their previous experience, or in their readings, their calculations, their conferences with their predecessors, had prepared them for the full impact of the mountain—the scale of its structure, the fearfulness of its winds, the rarefaction of its air. They were the crack climbers from the Alps; and on the upper slopes of Everest they felt "it would have been easy and pleasant to die."

In writing the final Everest expedition book† Sir John Hunt had, besides the limiting conventions of the *genre*, a peculiar handicap of his own making: complete and flawless success. There could be no tension arising from hazardous or tragic events; for there had been no moment as haunting as Odell's last sight of Mallory and Irvine moving up the mist-hung ridge, no experience as terrible as Herzog's night in the crevasse on Annapurna. Hunt has had to tell a story already familiar from newspapers, lectures and the film; and he has had to tell it against time. Everest was climbed on May 29, the book published on November 12. In fact, it was written in a month: one chapter by Hillary, on the summit climb (substantially the same as his two unforgettable articles in *The Times*), the rest by Hunt.

Here and there it adds detail to the story. There are some agreeable paragraphs on the lighter side of the preparations, when dotty suggestions were sent in for firing oxygen canisters from the Western Cwm to the South Col, for attaching the climbers to a hydrogen balloon so nicely charged that they would tiptoe up with no effort—fancies illustrated by Charles Evans, whose line drawings are an unexpected and delightful feature. At the other end of the book there are some entertaining pages on the way the party received the news of their triumph back from London long before they thought it could have reached there. With the ice-fall behind them for the last time they relaxed, exhausted, at Base Camp, and tuned in for the Coronation news: in amazement they heard of the newspaper headlines about Everest, the special editions sold to the waiting crowds, the cheers, the Queen's telegram. So they drank rum, danced with the Sherpas, let off a *feu de joie* from the mortar taken to dislodge avalanches and really began to believe in what the Namche postal official called in his congratulatory telegram, "Your thumping victory over the King of Adventure."

The distinctive character of the book, though, comes from the extent to which it lets us into the actualities of leadership. We see Hunt making decisions at every level—about the best type of tent and high-altitude boot (to get the right answers four of them camped out on the Jungfraujoch last December, changing boots all day); about mounting two successive assaults, using both types of oxygen apparatus, instead of one all-out thrust, about sending one of these assault parties, at the risk of impairing their vital energy, to boost up the porters carrying to the South Col. It is the leadership of a man with an overwhelming sense of the unity and grandeur of the effort made by so many men on Everest, over so many years. Hunt's expressions of what he owed to his predecessors is never perfunctory: Norton and Longstaff are in his mind as he decides to make the final camp (which shall be higher than any before) his own responsibility. The earlier expeditions, he insists, did not fail; they made their progress towards the end which his finally had the chance to attain. And his sense of the way in which this year's party worked together, British and Sherpa, restores the meaning to those worn old hacks of language, "team-work" and "co-operation." Noyce reaches the South Col and a ripple of confidence flows down to encourage the porters on the Lhotse face; Evans and Bourdillon reach the South Summit and it is an injection of assurance to the second assault party. The great moments are not complete until they are shared. The climax is not only Hillary and Tensing on the top; it is also their return to the Advance Base in the Cwm when the whole party learns it has triumphed. But the sharing goes beyond the mountain: Hunt wants to sweep everyone in—the earlier British parties, the Swiss, the French who would have gone next year had we not succeeded, the people who helped at home, the rest of us who could only follow the climbers' fortunes at a distance and wish them well.

In one sense the book is, in the expedition convention, quite impersonal. Hunt tells us little about himself, and not much more about the others. We learn that Gregory was a great reader, but are not told of what books. (Hunt himself read *Wild Wales*.) There is a word about Noyce's assiduous writing under all conditions; and an engaging picture of Pugh, the physiologist, affectionately scolding his thirteen-year-old Sherpa retainer (in an English of which he understood not a word) for bringing up mango chutney instead of test-tubes. But such glimpses are few; and only rarely is there a hint of imperfection—a word about strain at the Base Camp, an aside about a young Sherpa's madden-

* *The Mountain World: including Everest, 1952.* By members of the Swiss Expedition. *Allen & Unwin.* 25s

† *The Ascent of Everest.* By JOHN HUNT. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 25s.

ing way of coughing, a revelation that Hunt himself hogged a whole Swiss tin of tunny alone in a tent on the South Col—to relieve the reader who is longing to be reassured that these splendid men are not too good to be true. Yet, though clearly nothing could have been further from his mind than self-revelation, Hunt's nature permeates the whole book, from the "Basis for Planning" he drew up last November (which was almost exactly realised on the mountain) to his final words about the prospects of Himalayan adventure. With Mallory and Smythe, Hunt stands out for the quality of his determination that Everest should be climbed. In Mallory, this determination became a personal obsession, drawing him back to the mountain in spite of his distaste for the *bandobast* of a big expedition. In Smythe, it perhaps flowed from the new force that (his friends tell us) seemed to enter him at high altitudes. With Hunt it comes out as an open-eyed acceptance of what such a determination implied at every level. He faced the fact that to put two fit men in a camp within striking distance of the summit involved plans and preparations on a campaign scale. He looked squarely at the realities of altitude and acclimatisation and what they meant in terms of food and oxygen and preliminary training. Whether calculating oxygen requirements in London, or carrying 45 lb. to 27,350 feet to establish the highest camp, Hunt looked straight at the final objective. He gave it, to the full, of his intelligence, his moral strength and his physical effort. It is this sense of dedication almost, that redeems the lists, load-tables and memoranda. In the light of the overmastering purpose each nylon tent, Primus stove, high-altitude food-pack, becomes for a moment the means through which an ideal was attained.

Here and there, in *The Ascent of Everest*, one wishes that Hunt had let himself go a little more, had allowed his memories to bubble up more freely. But there is plenty of time for more personal records, his own and the others'. Given more leisure, he could certainly have produced a better finished book; but it could hardly have been more impressive. Soldierly, practical, precise—it has the prose virtues, but its conception comes from something beyond prose. It describes a wonderful action but out of its pages comes the conviction that the greatest gain is not the climbing of Everest but the exhilaration, confidence and pride that, from South Col to sea-level, climbing that mountain has given.

JANET ADAM SMITH

OLD AND YOUNG

Let the old inherit moonlight and sweet hay.
Crazed with their fantasies of unachievement,
They falter in the way,
And all is doubt and darkness and bereavement.

The young ask no such atmospheric grace.
They know the certainties of lip and finger.
Each other's time and space,
By no blanched hedgerows do they need to linger.

But the old walk alone and in despair;
So let the moonlight unperplex their view,
And let the perfumed air
Remind them of the world they think they knew.

JAMES REEVES

THE BAULKED VICTORY

Power and Influence: an Autobiography. By LORD BEVERIDGE. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 30s.

There is a certain appropriateness in the fact that this autobiography begins, not with childhood or adolescence, but with manhood. No doubt the explanation is in part that Lord Beveridge has written a whole book about his parents; but there is still something appropriate in a starting point which finds the hero of the story ready to begin on his life's work, and wondering, with a good deal of solemnity, what it is to be. It did not take him long to discover that it had to be a life of service to some cause, or causes, that he could feel to be worthwhile on behalf of mankind, as well as congenial to himself. He speedily abandoned the Bar as a 'cause' and, after toying with the idea of becoming an educational administrator, went to serve under Canon Barnett at Toynbee Hall. There he was, I think, a fish half in and half out of water. He took to social investigation like a duck; but he could not swim happily in the Settlement channel. He writes: "I was not, I think, a sufficiently good mixer of others to do for the House what the Canon desired." The "House" was of course Toynbee Hall, Canon Barnett's personal creation, to which he was trying to attract young men from the Universities to come and live in the East End, and find out how the poor lived.

Whatever Beveridge gave to Toynbee Hall—probably much, in his own way—he got a great deal out of it. He studied the current labour problem, especially at the docks, and launched out, on a basis of experience gained on the Central Unemployed Body for London—then a pioneer—on a scientific examination of the unemployment problem. Soon a new call, this time from Fabian Ware, led him to resign his sub-Wardenship at Toynbee, and become a leader-writer on the *Morning Post*—a Tory newspaper, but under Ware a remarkably open forum for Radical and even Socialist intellectuals with ideas about social reform. Beveridge reprints some of his *Morning Post* leaders, including one in which he gave, in 1906, a half-welcome to the new Labour Party as likely to be made up more of hard-headed trade union leaders than of Socialist dreamers or doctrinaires. In those days he thought of himself as a Radical; but he was already in essence the liberal bureaucrat that he has ever since remained. In this phrase, "liberal" has a small "l," and "bureaucrat" is not used in a derogatory sense, unless it be derogatory to suggest that Beveridge had from the very outset a way of looking at people as "problems" to be handled in the mass, and a great faith in the efficiency of well-run, centralised machinery as a means of finding and giving effect to the best answers. He was from the first greatly dominated by the idea that economics—and indeed the entire range of social studies—ought to discard deduction and philosophy and adopt the methods of the natural sciences, patient investigation and classification of facts, hypothesis and verification, wherever possible, by experiment. This outlook made him, during a large part of his life, the close ally of the Webbs, who tried to impress it on the London School of Economics and on London University, by ensuring that economics and other social studies should be ranked among the "Science" and not among the "Arts" faculties.

But much was to happen to Beveridge before, after the first world war, the Webbs chose him to direct the L.S.E. The first fruit of his Whitechapel studies took the form of an invitation to enter the Civil Service in order to prepare the plans for the national system of Labour Exchanges he had been advocating; and from this formidable task he went on to play a major part in the introduction of unemployment insurance, for selected trades, through the Act of 1911. Beveridge had been to Germany to study compulsory insurance, and had come back full of admiration for the German system and a devotee of the contributory principle. This, for the time being, put him at cross-purposes with the Webbs, who were fighting Lloyd George's insurance plan and advocating social services financed out of general taxation. But the Webbs, characteristically, did not hold this against him; and his admiration for them—especially for Sidney—seems never to have wavered.

There can be no doubt that over both Labour Exchanges and unemployment insurance, Beveridge and his chief, Llewellyn Smith, did a remarkably fine job of administrative engineering, or that, when war came, Beveridge again showed his worth as an administrator, first at the Ministry of Munitions and then in Food Control. There were however, especially at the Munitions Ministry, sharp clashes between him and his superiors over the right line to follow. Beveridge held strongly that nobody should be allowed to make a profit out of war, and, in his own sphere of labour administration, wished to apply this principle ruthlessly in ways that brought him sharply up against both politicians and trade unions. His autobiography shows that he took the same line again and again in the second world war, in which he had less authority. His mind was one which faced all problems as matters of scientific organisation, in relation to which human habits, instincts and traditions should not be allowed to count. Sometimes this attitude was highly salutary when he was dealing with persons who had authority, but refused to face facts; but it also sometimes led to trouble when he got his way. He was not good at making allowances for human nature—of which, in its less rational forms, he had too little himself. He was happier at Food Control than at Munitions, because there the human factor counted for less.

Not that Beveridge is ruthless in any ordinary sense of the word. He is kind, takes trouble about people he knows, and hates tyranny. But at his kindest he is liable to remain aloof; and he is much nicer to his inferiors—and, above all, to his direct helpers—than either to his equals or his superiors, and his attitude to those with whom he

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OF CHARING CROSS ROAD

is not in direct contact is one of benevolence rather than of human understanding. In the famous Beveridge Report of 1942 he was able to give this benevolence full play: he became for the moment a very popular figure, but he found to his cost that he was too cool a wooer of his public to turn his popularity into the leadership which, as his book makes evident, he ardently hoped for.

In a mere review article, it would be out of place to tell Beveridge's whole life-story. His years at the School of Economics speak for themselves: they were years of great achievement, but they left him unsatisfied, because he did not like the scholastic and, as he thought, unscientific economics which the school came actually to teach. During the same period, he accomplished an immense work for London University, in acquiring and developing the Bloomsbury site. But, that done, he was tired of the job, and wanted to get time for his own research projects. That was why he accepted an invitation to become Master of University College, Oxford—a position in which he could exercise his reforming zeal as an administrator and yet be able also to get on with his own work—the more so because his astonishing capacity for getting money out of the Rockefeller Foundation, which had served him well in London, gave him the means of buying the help he needed.

He was not however, to be left to pursue his researches in peace: nor, I think, could he have done so for long even if war had been deferred. From the moment of Hitler's rise to power he had begun to champ at the bit; and each year had seen him more urgently demanding further preparation for war and more deeply concerned about the future of the world, and especially Europe. When war came, he was utterly restless and unhappy at being out of it; but during the 'phoney war' no one wanted his services. When, after Dunkirk, he did get a job as Man-Power Commissioner, working under Ernest Bevin, his report, instead of bringing him to the centre of things, as he had hoped, antagonised Bevin because of its insistence on what amounted to industrial conscription and the abandonment of collective bargaining; and his attempts to appeal to Churchill over Bevin's head came to nothing, because Churchill was deliberately leaving that part of the war effort to his Labour colleagues. It can almost be said that the great Beveridge Report, on which our social security services are based, was an accident. He would not have written it unless he had found himself out of a war job.

Indeed, both during and after the war Beveridge was almost continually fretting and fuming at not being used as he felt he had a right to be. Not quite continually; for when the Beveridge Report achieved its outstanding popular success and was met with a douche of cold water from the Government (which we can now see was mainly Churchill's doing), he became for a time intoxicated with his popularity and took to believing that he could not only fill the role of a national leader but also, by some mysterious alchemy, revive the Liberal Party as a great national power. Hence the unhappy episode of his few months in Parliament, ending with his defeat at the General Election of 1945.

If Beveridge had not made that signal error, it is possible that he might have joined the Labour Party and became a force in the post-war Labour Government. He coquetted with the idea, discussing it with Herbert Morrison, but rejecting it—and joined the Liberals instead, mainly because of his dislike of the trade unions, and of Bevin as their leading exponent. As things turned out, after 1945 he was in the wilderness, consoling himself with his work for the New Towns, but unhappy with feeling that his great chance had passed him by, at least partly through his own mistake. Nevertheless, he had plenty to console him: an intensely lively life full of big achievements, the satisfaction of seeing a large part of his great plan of social security carried out, and the assurance of a deep respect from a host of co-workers in many fields.

I have written of Beveridge's autobiography entirely in terms of his public career because that is what it is all about. Except in relation to "J." as he affectionately calls Lady Beveridge throughout, there is hardly anything in it about his private life. His deep love for his mother, and for "J." comes through again and again; but even "J." appears much more as a faithful co-worker in many causes than as anything of a person. It was not that he had no private life: he had and has. But it always got squashed up into a corner by his many other preoccupations. One thing that comes out very plainly is his really remarkable physical toughness and the retention of it in later life. Beveridge has always been a whale for work, and has hardly even paused between one job and the next—when he has not had several on hand at the same time.

For my part, I have worked with him a good deal and on many things; and I must confess to a little disappointment that I get only one brief mention in his book. I suppose that is because our collaborations were episodic, and I failed to make any deep impact on his consciousness. Possibly it is also because, admiring him greatly, I have always reacted against his way of treating men in the mass too much as sets of lay figures to be moved around, and too little as capable of doing things for themselves in their own way. I dislike bureaucracy: I think Beveridge loves it, and has loved it from the moment when he saw the high efficiency of the German social insurance system, and made up his mind to bring and better it here. Within Beatrice Webb's famous classification of all humanity into the As and the Bs—the Anarchists and the Bureaucrats—Beveridge is emphatically a "B."

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NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

Christmas Books—I

THE SACRED FIRE

The Ancient Secret: In Search of the Holy Grail. By FLAVIA ANDERSON. *Gollancz.* 25*s.*

Is there anything remarkable or new to be said about the Grail legend and its sources that was not said by Miss Jessie Weston in her book *From Ritual to Romance*, source and inspiration of T. S. Eliot's *Waste Land*? Small points of interest to scholars no doubt, but nothing, one would suppose, to move the imagination of a poet. Lady Flavia Anderson has written such a book: her thesis is entirely new, and carries conviction as being both plausible and imaginatively rich. Lady Flavia's theory is essentially simple and concrete; a single inspired guess illuminates so much material that it is hard to believe that she is wrong.

The earlier interpretation of the Grail, as the divine food-vessel or cauldron of Celtic mythology, symbol of the female generative powers, with the bleeding spear of the sun-god as the male symbol, is convincing so far as it goes: what major symbolic mystery has not a sexual level of interpretation? It leaves out, however—so Lady Flavia argues—a third object, present in every account of the Grail, a sword, broken and mended again, or drawn out of a stone. If the spear is the male generative symbol, what is the sword? Lady Flavia marshals her evidence to convince us that the Grail was nothing so abstract as a mythical food-vessel, but was the sacred object of a mystery cult, possessed by the Greeks, the Druids, possibly, too, by the Egyptians, the Hebrews and other races. It was, in fact, a lens of crystal or glass, or in some cases a burnished metal bowl, used as a burning-glass to kindle the sacred fire from the sun's rays. It is well known that, among the Druids, each year all fires were extinguished, and the arch-Druid kindled a "pure" flame from the sun itself, a sacred fire from which all other fires were rekindled. The Grail performs the feminine function of receiving the sun's rays, symbolised by the spear, and is therefore in legend symbolised by a virgin, and was probably also guarded by a priestess. The sword is the kindled flame, generally associated with the king, whose torch was extinguished on his death, and must be drawn "from the stone" again for the new king. Thus when Arthur drew Excalibur from the stone he in fact kindled a real and not a symbolic brand, from a crystal lens, or perhaps from a glass vessel filled with water. The "snake's eggs" associated with the Druids were, Lady Flavia thinks, blown-glass vessels which, filled with water, were used as Grails. There must have been many such objects in England and Ireland in Celtic and Roman times, and Lady Flavia thinks it highly likely that a Grail really was preserved by the monks of Glastonbury, which had been a chief centre of the cult, with Wookey Hole as the Chapel Perilous. The first monks accepted the custody of the holy object from the last Druids, whose conversion to Christianity was made easier by their knowledge of the symbolism of the Grail—God the Son born of a pure virgin from God the Father, like the flame kindled from the sun, and the same light proceeding from the fire kindled on earth as from the source in heaven. Thus the Grail legend becomes at once more concrete and more symbolically rich, and the sexual symbolism becomes identical with that of the Christian doctrine of the Incarnation. It is easy to believe that this symbolism made the Druids ready to accept the Christian doctrine; and that, reciprocally, Christian missionaries were in many cases willing to take over the Grail symbolism, and in some cases the sacred object itself. On this point Lady Flavia brings forward instances of refusal, as well as of acceptance, of Grails by missionaries.

That is the barest outline of the theory. Can one blame the author if her theme sometimes carries her beyond her evidence? Was Urim, the sacred object kept in the Ark, a Grail? Were the Golden Apples of the Hesperides, the Golden Fleece, and the apples of Eden itself fire-making lenses? It is tempting to identify the Biblical Fall with the sin of fire-making that brought

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punishment down upon the parallel figure of Prometheus; but is the evidence sufficient? Perhaps Danae in her tower, and other virgins visited by sun-gods, are Grails, but one has to stop somewhere, and the instances from Middle Eastern and Hebrew legend (Solomon's marriage to the daughter of the King of Egypt, for example) seem out of range. Certainly the legend of the Waste Land and the Sick King seems best explained as a veiled lament for the passing of the old mystery cult of the Celtic races: the knight no longer asks the relevant questions—seeks initiation—and the old culture and its custodian waste away.

Lady Flavia herself adopts an ultra-Christian attitude to her material, and I could have wished that she had omitted her last chapter of personal interpretation. Symbols may be read in many ways, and to say in the end that a piece of symbolism is really true only in one context is surely contrary to the very nature of this essentially poetic mode of thought. Lady Flavia's view that the behaviour of light was expressly designed to convey to man the nature of the Trinity struck me as too narrow a reading of the Smaragdine text, "As above, so below." We must picture the invisible in terms of the visible, it is true, but why limit the Correspondences? (to use a Swedenborgian term). The Chinese have picked upon another no less rich symbolic theme in the Yin and Yang duality. But what she does make clear is why that particular piece of pagan symbolism should have been taken over by the Christians, and continued to be fraught with so much religious devotion and poetic power, so long as human memory retained the last fading traces of the old reverence for the sacred objects of the cult of the sun-god.

KATHLEEN RAINE

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MORE OF MR. AMERY

My Political Life. Vol. II. 1914-1929. By L. S. AMERY. *Hutchinson*. 25*s*.

Mr. Amery is cursed with a facile pen. He has been on the fringe of politics for fifty years, and sometimes near the centre. He has had enough interesting experiences to fill a volume; but he insists on writing three, and these will tax the reader's patience. It is difficult to get up much interest in yet another account of Grey's speech to the House of Commons on the outbreak of the first world war; and though Mr. Amery's tour of the Dominions was no doubt of great interest to him, it is of none to us, especially when it is extended by long quotations from his after-dinner speeches. Yet these are a testimony to Mr. Amery's vitality, not only then but now. Unlike many old men, he does not live in the past. He is concerned only with the present; and his political autobiography is designed to advocate an imperial tariff union as much as to contribute to the historical record. In a changing world, Mr. Amery has remained unchanged. He has never doubted that he was right. He has aspired to make events; and the aspiration is still with him.

The more detached reader will be interested rather in the question: why did this able, courageous man make so little impact on events? Why did he remain always slightly below the first rank in politics? The answer is perhaps to be found in these pages. His speeches were always a little too long, always a little too clear and assertive. Mr. Amery had no patience with compromise, no time for the waverer. He pressed always for resolute action. During the first world war, he tried to push Lloyd George into supreme power, long before that master of political tactics judged that the time was ripe. Every leading statesman received from Mr. Amery long letters of advice, full of promptings to the logical course that is so seldom possible in a democracy. He advocated a small war cabinet and a unified command—two essentials for winning the war that were achieved much later than he wished. After the war, he tried to get from the Coalition something more constructive than anti-Socialism. When he failed, he took the lead in overthrowing Lloyd George, only to discover that with Baldwin he had saddled himself with a statesman much more procrastinating.

He makes here an interesting contribution to history. It has always been a puzzle why Baldwin suddenly decided to fight an election on the issue of Protection in the autumn of 1923. Mr. Amery shows that Baldwin was alarmed by the news that Lloyd George was returning from the United States with a programme of Imperial Preference. Baldwin determined to get in first: his motive was to dish Lloyd George, not to save the Empire, and he lost interest in Protection once his object had been achieved. Again, Baldwin's motive in making the National Government of 1931 was to keep out Lloyd George; and he was of course seconded by Neville Chamberlain, who never got over the humiliation of Lloyd George's verdict in 1917, "when I saw that pinhead, I said to myself he won't be any use." Mr. Amery also refuses to be overawed by Churchill's later fame. In the Twenties he was, Mr. Amery insists, a Victorian Free Trader; and his policy at the Treasury prepared the way for the great economic crisis. It can indeed be plausibly argued that for Sir Winston, Empire has always been a matter of military grandeur rather than of economic co-operation.

Mr. Amery, on the other hand, returned from his tour of the Dominions in 1928 resolved to repeat more successfully the campaign of Joseph Chamberlain. It came to nothing; and this, too, can be explained from his book. Mr. Amery has always moved, as Milner did, in too narrow a circle. All Souls has been his ruin. He remarks complacently that the Cabinet of 1922 contained three Fellows of All Souls. This is less impressive, when it turns out that the other two were Curzon and Lord Halifax. Mr. Amery has always supposed that the country was with him, if he could capture the common-room at All Souls and a few undergraduate clubs; as, during the first world war, he tried to win the war by establishing a private dining circle. He spoke assiduously at elections; but the English people were always remote from him. A man of his ability and integrity ought to have been a Socialist; and his schemes for developing the Empire will be achieved by a Labour Government, if they are ever achieved at all. Privilege and planning go ill together; and neither All Souls nor *The Times* are good training for one who would lead in a democracy.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

VENGEANCE OF JENNY'S CASE

To Beg I Am Ashamed. By SHEILA COUSINS. *Richards Press*. 12*s*. 6*d*.

The "ghost" who assisted Mrs. "Cousins" (how entangled we are getting in inverted commas) to compile her "autobiography of a prostitute" might suitably have begun it as Defoe began his fictional narrative of *Moll Flanders*:

> The world is so taken up of late with novels and romances, that it will be hard for a private history to be taken for genuine, where the names and other circumstances of the person are concealed . . . The author is here supposed to be writing her own history, and in the very beginning of her account she gives the reasons why she thinks fit to conceal her true name, after which there is no occasion to say any more about that. It is true that the original of the story is put into new words, but the style of the famous lady we here speak of is a little altered.

This is the only similarity between this book and Defoe's. *Moll Flanders* is fiction—a *Fanny Hill* suitably bowdlerized with passages of rather repugnant face-saving morality: perhaps a great novel, but by accident, not an honest book. To make his character live so solidly, so securely, the author has had to cheat—all his other characters are dimmed to make his "I" stand out, as "I's" do not in real life. We are less real to ourselves than is the man beside us in the railway carriage.

To Beg I Am Ashamed, like most autobiographies, presents a rather dim central figure, but how vividly the minor characters emerge. "A canvasser with a pock-marked chin which looked as if it had been nibbled by a rat"; an old man in the water-softener's office—"he had a red and blotched face and a little paunch that gave the impression less of belonging to him than of going on ahead of him as he walked."

It is difficult to see why this book should have been suppressed before the war; there are no "warm" passages (indeed, a great part of the book does not deal with prostitution at all), and the lesson it draws is an exemplary one. Perhaps I ought not to be reviewing the book as I know the "ghost" personally and was introduced to "Mrs. Cousins" while the book was being written, but at least I can assure the reader that fiction is not being foisted on him as fact.

"I was born a lady and still look like one"—Mrs. Cousins (it's time to drop the inverted commas) may not be a typical street-walker, if a typical street-walker exists any more than a typical stockbroker, for infinite chances do alleviate the monotony—a trip to Bermuda, say, a constant danger of violence, marriage to an American soldier—all is possible when you are still young. In this sweepstake of a life Mrs. Cousins won a minor prize. She married twice and the second marriage took her to Malaya. She followed a great many jobs before she finally took to the pavement, and her early life, the life of women's hostels and lodgings, of selling vacuum-cleaners and water-softeners, of afternoons off in the country, a Lyons Corner House life, has never, to my knowledge, been so well described. Into these chancy jobs Fate inserts the love affair that came to nothing, the seedy semi-seductions on horsehair sofas, the illegitimate child, so that when she starts her life on the street it is with a frigid dislike of men, a kind of pride, almost a desire to avenge herself by aiding them in degradation.

One night in early October I paid my bus fare to Piccadilly, stepped off at the Circus, and, holding

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my head in the air, walked down the pavement like a queen. If they wanted me they must pay for me. It meant so little. I don't even remember the first man who paid.

Mrs. Cousins is admirably honest in her picture of the real horror of the profession—not the physical act, but the loss of personality, the boredom and repetitiveness of the masculine conversations:

> The thought that chills me, as I leave my flat at seven, is that once more I must hear tonight, once, twice, three times maybe, the same unending gramophone record of male plaintiveness and pity and boastfulness and desire.

One remembers what poor Jenny had to undergo from Rossetti all that long night of patronising pity.

Honesty produces its own odd poetry and perception. "I could see that, for some people, to grow up is only to become more poignantly a child." The most moving passage in this autobiography has no bearing on the main subject: it is the description of one genuine love affair which, like Lady Macbeth's death, missed the right moment and was consummated too late. "In bed beside me he would cry helplessly for minutes together in the dark, and he could never tell me why."

GRAHAM GREENE

RACE RELATIONS

The Makah Indians. By ELIZABETH COLSON. *Manchester University Press.* 28*s.*

Family and Colour in Jamaica. By FERNANDO HENRIQUES. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 18*s.*

The subject called Race Relations is now a Thing. After a late start Britain is producing its pundits, its study groups, its teachers, and its public demand for enlightenment. It would be as well if we decided soon on the nature and the boundaries of the Thing in order, at the very least, to abort the proliferation of a woolly expertise. Now two anthropologists opportunely show us what kinds of themes can guide us through an ill-defined territory.

The Makah Indians is a truly remarkable book; it exceeds in worth even the appraisal in its well-written blurb. Manchester puts us in its debt. Dr. Colson writes about the assimilation of a small American Indian tribe in the State of Washington. She deals with the response of the tribe to the best part of a century of reservation life. She shows us the forces which have shaped the relations between the Makah and their white neighbours and determined the place of the little Indian world in the universe of American society. An American with long experience of the limits of English familiarity with her country, Dr. Colson presents her study against a firm background of American Indian policy. With the aid of a clear style, admirable powers of organisation, and a mind as precise as it is gifted with social insight, she sets out the significant fate of some of the first Americans bearing up against the ebullience of the United States.

To say that the people now called the Makah have survived their ordeal tells only part of the truth, for, in a sense, they have been created by the very forces which were designed to smother them. After their treaty with the United States about a century ago they were given a reservation and a succession of Indian Agents who appear to have been dedicated to the proposition that all Indians can be made good Americans by bullying them out of their culture. Many of their children went through the mill of Americanising schools; until the re-formulation of Indian policy in the mid-Thirties their customs were suppressed under a knuckle-rapping discipline; they intermarried with both whites and other kinds of Indians; they became for the most part English-speaking Christians. Yet, racially removed from the original Indian stock, thoroughly Americanised over a wide range of their culture, and living peacefully and intimately cheek by jowl with whites, the Makah survive as a self-conscious sub-society.

The key to their unlooked-for persistence seems to lie in a combination of happy economic circumstances, which have allowed them to maintain a reasonable American standard of living, and the status of wardship set up by American Indian policy. Although they have been citizens of the United States since 1924, the Makah enjoy the privileges of a specially protected minority. At the sacrifice only of liquor, they have been left, in recent decades, to live very much as masters in their reservation, exempt from many obligations to the State of which their territory is part. They themselves determine who shall be Makah; they prevent non-Makah from owning land in their reservation; they profit corporately from their tribal property; they have their own tribal council and court. Is this assimilation?

It happens that Dr. Colson's book coincides with a major change in American Indian policy, for on August 15 of this year new legislation began to hand over Indian areas to legal control by the various States. To many American liberals this attack on Federal guardianship is an attack on Indian rights; *The Makah Indians* will help us to understand the pros and cons of alternative policies.

In the days of the Raj "And *your* Indians?" was a good *tu quoque* to Americans gratuitously solicitous for the welfare of *our* Indians. We may perhaps now see that the riposte can still serve when rumbling draws unwelcome attention to the inhabitants of the British West Indies. There, as far as the study of race relations is concerned, the main interest lies not in the encysting of racial minorities within the greater society, but in the bracketing of class and colour throughout the social range. This is one of the main themes of Dr. Henriques's book.

Dr. Henriques is a young West Indian who has done what the growth of sociology and anthropology must further encourage: he has revisited his home society as an observer. In this he has well combined the objectivity of the scientist and the intimacy of the participant. Jamaican poverty and social frustration have impressed him deeply, but he has remained cool and analytical. He shows how the class continuum is reflected in the colour gradations from black to white; how what he aptly calls the "white bias" of the system sets people on the strenuous path of improving their "colour" by tampering with their skin and hair and by "marrying fair"; how—and here his intimate knowledge does good service—the embedded colour prejudices of Jamaican society are often concealed from ordinary view by a blanket of secretiveness and suppression of public comment.

As part of his second major topic Dr. Henriques deals with the much misunderstood problem of illegitimacy and informal marriage. He links up matrimonial forms with class differences and demonstrates (with an eye, no doubt, on the superficial do-gooder) that the normality of marriage types in their several social regions is an institutional arrangement which is unlikely to respond simply to exhortation.

There are many other points of interest in the book; it is a great pity that they are not fully worked out. Indeed, the study as a whole is too summary. Statements are often baldly made; arguments are not developed; facts are not sufficiently arrayed. I fear also that Dr. Henriques has laid himself open to attack in one or two naive psychologisms. Jamaican personality may be an interesting thing to look into; Miss Madeline Kerr looked into it in a book published last year, although Dr. Henriques does not mention this; but the anthropologist's plain statements about personality and its sources will not do.

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The Art of Noel Coward. By ROBERT GREACEN. *Hand & Flower Press.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

How far is the pianoforte on the way out? How many women still exist frugally by guiding faltering fingers through those delightful Czerny exercises? Do metronomes still click relentlessly upon mahogany lids? One assumes that shortly the television set will have supplanted the upright as a badge of respectability in the aspidistra room. Even piano tuners seem fewer and the *valse brillante* which rounds off their doleful righting of the wires has a less *brillante* ring than before.

For the pianists who remain, *The Noël Coward Song Book* is most handsomely produced, has an excellent portrait (in paint, not words) of the composer by Clemence Dane, some gay illustrations by Gladys Calthrop, and contains over fifty songs. At roughly eightpence a number, and even disregarding their quality, the price is cheap. The author has contributed a characteristic introduction (incredible that Cochran did not take to *Poor Little Rich Girl*).

Mr. Coward has, like many of us, a sentimental weakness for the barrel-organ, and it is in its nostalgia for the dear, dead, pre-war days that this volume is so strong. Prop it upon the instrument, strike upon the keys, and then, if you are competent, there come gliding through the mists of time Delysia, singing the enchanting song of which Sir Charles disapproved, Jessie Matthews, sporting that captivating fringe, Peggy Wood, who sang so sweetly on the note, and Gertrude Lawrence, who sang even more sweetly when just off it. It is a sad experience, for these great players had a charm and a style and a magic unknown upon our stage today. They needed no row of microphone periscopes popped up for them beyond the footlights, and they would have detested the scurrying, musical chairs technique required for their effective use. They were unmechanised.

It is significant that 32 of the songs are pre-war, and these show the composer at his best. No reminders are needed of what that best means. After 1940, and except for the beautiful *Sigh No More*, we find another Mr. Coward, less tuneful

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certainly, and possibly less successful. He sticks to his guns over *Pacific 1860* ("musically, my best work to date"), and includes five numbers from *Ace of Clubs*. Both of these entertainments were unhappy experiences, and the songs from them do not make one doubt one's previous judgment. One would gladly jettison them for older favourites—*Let's Live Dangerously*, perhaps, and *Danser, Danser*, which Yvonne Printemps gave forth so winningly in *Conversation Piece*.

It is not easy to see the point of Mr. Greacen's well-meaning and almost reverent book. A facsimile of part of the manuscript of *Quadrille* does not get us anywhere, and of the 87 pages, much space is taken up with potted sections of *Present Indicative* and with potted plots of Mr. Coward's plays. What remains? Precious little. *Blithe Spirit* is, we learn, well constructed and has "just the right tensions, moments of relief and witty shafts." Buzz, buzz! What does Mr. Greacen mean when he says that *Hay Fever* "continues the attack on the Mayfair world, the smart set that knows neither responsibility nor even genuine pleasure"? This is bosh. It was a highly funny light comedy about an eccentric theatrical and literary world. There are no records of smart audiences writhing before this bitter onslaught. In *Relative Values*, we read, "Coward surveys post-war English society with the care of a Fabian, if from a rather different standpoint." With the care of a Fabian? Does Mr. Greacen *really* mean this? Over-buttered toast can be extraordinarily sickly.

However, this sad little book does serve one useful purpose. With the Song Book it reminds us of what we owe to Noël Coward. At what might be thought to be a transitional stage in his career, these books display our debt to date. It is very great.

ARTHUR MARSHALL

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THE PHILOSOPHER OF COMMON SENSE

Some Main Problems of Philosophy. By G. E. MOORE. *Allen & Unwin.* 25*s.*

The appearance of a new book by Professor Moore is bound to be an event of importance not only for all students of philosophy but for anyone who takes a serious interest in contemporary thought. For though Moore has never written or taught except within the confines of technical philosophy, he has had an influence far outside them. It has been an influence at once profound and yet elusive: difficult to define, and difficult to exaggerate. Brilliantly caught in a memoir by the late Lord Keynes, it still cannot be fully appreciated by anyone unacquainted with the style, the temper, the compelling reasonableness of Moore's thought. It is just such an introduction that *Some Main Problems of Philosophy* effects.

Yet possibly the reader, on opening it, might be disappointed to find that it consists entirely of some lectures delivered in the winter of 1910-11. If so, I cannot do better than to commend to him the opening paragraph of Professor Wisdom's Foreword:

> When I urged Professor Moore to publish these lectures which he gave some forty years ago he said to me; "But surely they are out of date?" Certainly they are out of date. Moore's own work in philosophy over these forty years is by itself enough to render them out of date. Anyone hearing these lectures at the time they were given might have guessed that they would soon be out of date. For in these lectures philosophy is done with a directness and honesty and incisiveness which at once give hope that we may, working with Moore, soon cut a way out of the jungle into the light. It is the same hope we felt when we read what we still read—Moore's *Principia Ethica* and his *Philosophical Studies*. That hope was justified.

"A Defence of Common Sense" is the title of one of Moore's most famous papers but it could serve as a sub-title for the whole of his work. This book is no exception. But it seems in it as if Moore is not yet altogether certain how this defence is to be carried out.

At times, in dealing with some philosophical problem, he proceeds in a traditional manner. He sets out all or most of the solutions that have been offered (including that of Common Sense), considers all the arguments for and against each of them in turn, and finally decides in favour of that with the best support. Invariably it is the solution of Common Sense that wins through, and we feel relief. We feel relief because the issue might have gone not for but against it. But our relief can only be temporary. For it may well be that in the future someone will think up a solution to the problem having even stronger arguments in its favour than those in favour of the solution of Common Sense. And the verdict will be reversed.

But at other times Moore argues somewhat differently. At such times Common Sense is no longer just one of the possible solutions to a problem between which the philosopher must adjudicate. It has become the criterion, the yardstick of philosophical criticism. Philosophical views that fail to measure up to it are wrong, and wrong just because they fail to do so. What isn't Common Sense is, in philosophy as elsewhere, no sense.

And it is this second version of Moore's defence of Common Sense that has proved most fruitful philosophically. What it brings out quite clearly is that a great deal of traditional metaphysics—for example, the denial of the reality of Time, or of the existence of material objects—is either plainly false, or else very misleadingly expressed. But, of course, it is itself not without its difficulties. For in the first place the notion of Common Sense is vague: and in the second place it can be misleading. It can be misleading because what we ordinarily mean by Common Sense are the generally accepted views about what *is* or *was* or *will be* the case. But this isn't what interests Moore. What interests Moore, being a philosopher, are the generally accepted views about what *could be* the case. And it is because they wish to bring this point out more clearly, that those contemporary philosophers who continue Moore's tradition prefer to express themselves in a linguistic manner. They talk not about what we believe or think but about the language in which we can properly express our beliefs and thoughts. The direct descendant of the philosophy of Common Sense is the Philosophy of Ordinary Language.

Closely related to this notion of Common Sense as the criterion of philosophical truth is a habit of Moore's thought to which Professor Wisdom draws attention in his Foreword: the use of particular, concrete cases in the deciding of general issues. For it is a fact that in ordinary life our interests are particular, whereas in philosophy they are general: in ordinary life, we talk about this or that material object or this or that group of material objects, whereas in philosophy we talk, *tout court*, about material objects. Now, traditionally, philosophy has maintained that we should correct our ordinary particular convictions by our general philosophical convictions. So some philosophers, having proved to their satisfaction that we cannot know of the existence of any material object, would have us believe that we cannot really know of the existence of the chair on which we sit. But Moore reverses all this. Because we do know of the existence of the chair on which we sit, therefore we can know of the existence of material objects. And Moore reverses the traditional procedure because, as he puts it, "no such general principle can have greater certainty than the particular instances upon the observation of which it is based" (p. 143). Moore's argument has the simplicity of all great revolutionary ideas.

But Moore has always implied that the main task of philosophy is not to discover what we know, but to discover the analysis of what we know. This book provides us, chapter after chapter, with paradigms of such analysis.

RICHARD WOLLHEIM

POETIC INTELLIGENCE

Undercliff: Poems 1946-1953. By RICHARD EBERHART. *Chatto.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Laughing Hyena and Other Poems. By D. J. ENRIGHT. *Routledge.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Various Jangling Keys. By EDGAR BOGARDUS. *Oxford: for the Yale University Press.* 16*s.*

Mr. Richard Eberhart is one of the most readable, uneven, and unpredictable of the generation of American poets who are now in their mid-forties. At his best, he invites comparison with major contemporary talents, at his worst he writes like a clumsy amateur, and his best and worst jostle each other in the most embarrassing way. From a recent article by Mr. Donald Hall, I gather that Mr. Eberhart's poems come to him intermittently, complete, rather in a rush, and are never much revised. They read that way. There are passages of sheer McGonagall, like this about scientists:

> By brain power alone they can operate,
> Too cold for love, too cold for hate,
> Not comprehending the best interest of the state
> And of the deep needs of man insensate . . .

There are passages resembling the deceptively beautiful poems one writes in one's sleep, like this:

> When dawn has laved with liquid light
> With luminous light the nighted tree . . .

The alliteration, there, is disgustingly heavy and I cannot, though I have tried hard, think of any quirk of differentiating meaning to justify "luminous light." On the other hand, here is a perfect onset to a poem:

> Boys in sporadic but tenacious droves
> Come with sticks, as certainly as Autumn,
> To assault the great horse chestnut tree.

and here, about Baudelaire, is a perfect ending:

> One lesson loath to learn or teach
> I was, for all the works I penned
> Of learning and or humanity:
> Love, the source, I failed to honour.

Oddly, though he has a very recognisable poetic personality, Mr. Eberhart has never acquired a distinctive "style" of his own. One very good and unusually firmly disciplined poem in this volume, *Choosing a Monument*, is wholly in the manner of the later Robert Frost. Another, *The Verbalist of Summer*, is in text as well as title very much after Wallace Stevens. But if one is beginning to feel superior about this, one suddenly discovers that he can do a Blake, and not look silly:

Poverty said, I am in love.
Love said, I grow gray.
I watched them with my heart
And my mind fled away.

Heart, be patient, heart,
Mind, O infant mind, stay.
Until I can cry Yea
I can only say Nay.

Perhaps a "style" is sometimes the mere crystallising of stereotyped responses. Though the unevenness and imperfection of much of his work is a heavy price to pay for this, Mr. Eberhart has a quality which is very rare indeed in contemporary poets. His mind is not made up. Every new poem is a new exploration. He does not feel himself bound by what he has said before. He does not, I think, very often know what the last stanza of a poem is going to be like while he is grappling with the first stanza. There is nothing preconceived or ready-made in his work and even in a poem which is full of atrociously clumsy writing like the long *Letter I* we can watch the miracle of the free poetic intelligence, if it is given a chance, almost automatically righting its balance. There are the scurrilous and lumpish lines about scientists I have quoted above. There are passages in which even the spelling goes haywire and the rhythms resemble Martin Tupper:

The intellectual man may be an offense to heaven,
A vile excresence and sport which nature permits.

But then, a little later, there is a beautiful reconciling metaphor, from "two huge branches rubbing together" in the night, for the relationship of science and poetry:

The huge branches do not quarrel, but the wind
Exacerbates their potential incompatibility . . .

The neo-romantic movement of the 1940s encouraged many poets to forget that, though imagination and intelligence may be rasped up against each other by the evil winds of our time,

Both are from the same trunk and the same tree,
As it is with science and poetry . . .

Mr. Enright, like Mr. Eberhart, is a poet who has not forgotten this, who uses his imagination intelligently, or his intelligence as an instrument of imagination. He has an obvious relationship to war-time poets of the Mediterranean scene like Lawrence Durrell, Bernard Spencer, and Terence Tiller (he was teaching in Egypt a year or so after most of these had departed) but unlike them he does not mitigate his painful awareness of the actual Egyptian scene by consoling references to the great classical past. And he manages to like the Egyptians, in a wry way, more genuinely than his forerunners did. There is even an ironically genial passage about King Farouk:

The fat king himself, our daytime devil, we worshipped in dreams, our hero by night—
In suffering we bought him, weight for weight—he was ours!

The volume will have a special appeal to old Cairo hands, to exiles who sometimes regret the end of exile: here is a bit about English examinations:

The nervous eye, patrolling these hot unhappy victims,
Flinches at the symptoms of a year's hard teaching—
"Falstaff indulged in drinking and sexcess," and then
"Doolittle was a dusty man" and "Dr. Jonson edited the Yellow Book."

It brings it all back; I did not know—how horrible if it is true, I hope it is a legend—that boys sometimes lie down on the tramlines to qualify themselves for the trade of legless beggars. Mr. Enright is as vivid about other Mediterranean countries and indeed about Birmingham. He is not, however, just a picture-postcard or potted Baedeker poet. His more formidable strength lies in moral reflection:

Was Freud entirely right? We rise to chase those inner phantoms,
Who often end by chasing us. The sleeping dogs
Start up from every corner: they have not read the textbooks
That bid us pat their heads. The only bone they want is us.

Most poems here are observant, reflective, subtly ironical. But there is one short "straight" poem, *On the Death of a Child*, of very notable dignity, restraint, and pathos.

Mr. Bogardus is a little too *consciously* intelligent. He is a disciple of Mr. John Crowe Ransom, but the very complex ironies of his master tend, in this young man, to simplify out as good *New Yorker* jokes:

My brother came home from a Princeton club
And made my mother serve the butter
(That used to be served in a big warm glob)
Cut square and thin in a bowl of ice water.

It would be unfair, but only just so, to say that one feels lots of these poems are cut square and thin in a bowl of ice water. There is rather a moving poem *At the Grave of Robert Ingersoll* whose effectiveness comes from something below the conscious level—part of Mr. Bogardus is wanting to say, "Poor chap, he didn't realise the true inwardness of the Christian tradition, though of course he was a better man than most Christians," but another, less self-aware a part, is wanting to say, "Gad, Sir, Ingersoll was right!" There is also a good, long poem, *Prothalamion for K*, about the discomforts of an American honeymoon in Europe, which very interestingly goes back in technique to the early T. S. Eliot. Technique is what nearly all young American poets have got—and perhaps one in half a dozen of young English poets. It is not everything. It is only intermittent in Mr. Eberhart, for instance, off and on, like a light, and he remains important. It is secondary, in Mr. Enright, to getting all his impressions in the right order on the page. Intelligence is a more important quality and I have a feeling that Mr. Bogardus's intelligence, which is real, is a little tangled up at the moment in second-hand stylistic aptitudes.

G. S. FRASER

DUMB CRAMBO CHAMPION

Along My Line. By GILBERT HARDING. *Putnam.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The post-war radio and television publicist, of whom Mr. Harding is the leading example, is a significant phenomenon. Having graduated—it may be as a "disc-jockey" or gramophone-winder—he becomes famous as a professional player of parlour games, a dumb crambo champion or "quiz-master." He then sets up as a national oracle. He earns an enormous income and we all say enviously: good luck to him. Soon, no doubt, we shall see government by disc-jockeys, dumb crambo champions and quiz-masters. Then will come the feelies with a new type of touchable publicist, and after that, perhaps, the end.

Meanwhile the technique of ego-manipulation which Mr. Harding employs is very ingenious, well worth studying. It involves a nice mixture of exhibitionism and controlled aggression. His act, as the poor man's Dr. Johnson who suffers from hypertension and may explode in your face at any moment, appeals to both authoritarians and anarchists. He is the first to challenge the B.B.C.'s taboo on disinhibition in public and get away with it. Millions of sensationalists tune in to him eagerly in the hope that he may abuse someone or at any rate expose his *id*.

One turns, therefore, with some interest to his autobiography. *Along My Line* is a short book, rather rugged and ragged but quite readable. The written word is not Mr. Harding's medium but he manages to get a good deal of himself across. He seems to be a quite well-educated, sociable and friendly person with Catholic-

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humanist, libertarian tendencies of the Chesterton type, a throw-back to the early Georgian pre-1914 era. He suffers, however, from depression and abrupt changes of mood which are clearly constitutional as well as occupational.

His childhood was unusual and may have spurred him to project his ego over a wide area. He was born in the Union Workhouse at Hereford where his father was the Master and his mother the matron. His didactic proclivities were revealed at an early age :

> One day a visitor in the presence of my grandfather said : "Say what you like about the lad, but you must admit that he nearly always blurts out exactly what we would like to have said ourselves." My grandfather was not amused. Only a short while before he had overheard me telling my mother exactly what I thought of him.

Schooldays at Wolverhampton Royal Orphanage are described with a strong sense of moral compulsion. Cambridge on a scholarship was more carefree. Mr. Harding was mildly extravagant, spoke at the Union, entertained distinguished visitors like the first Lord Birkenhead, and went in for High Church ritual. This part may remind you rather of *Twenty-Five* by Beverley Nichols, of whom, indeed, Mr. Harding sometimes—if only for a moment—seems to me to be an enormous-moustachio'd version, hotted up with adrenalin. Post-Cambridge vicissitudes included a spell in an Anglican theological college before conversion to Rome, teaching in Canada, Cyprus, France, and a brief interlude as a policeman in Bradford. There are plenty of anecdotes.

Mr. Harding joined the B.B.C.'s Monitoring Service at the beginning of the war. His big break did not come until 1947 when he was taken on as a question-master for a Round Britain Quiz. He now combines furious publicising with philanthropy. He has a strong social conscience and does a lot for charity.

His act developed gradually and, no doubt, to some extent spontaneously. The first public temper-losing occurred in a Twenty Questions Programme. It was punished by suspension but it enormously increased his popularity. Mr. Harding may be a bit disingenuous when he writes :

> I have been introduced at a luncheon as the man to whom people tune in hoping against hope that he will drop an enormous brick. I do not enjoy this reputation, but nothing will persuade me to alter things by trying to "smarm" my way into other people's good books.

But he returns more than once to this theme of "smarming" in a way that suggests his aggressiveness may mask an underlying fear. And indeed, however amiable and common-sensical he may be for most of the time, it is difficult not to regard his recent apotheosis as a queer sociological case history in which millions of patients are involved.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

SCOTT-KING'S WORLD WAR ONE

Archangel 1918-1919. By FIELD-MARSHAL LORD IRONSIDE. *Constable.* 21*s.*

In September, 1918, the gigantic Brigadier-General Ironside was hauled out of a shell-hole on the Western Front and sent to be Chief-of-Staff to the Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Forces in North Russia. On arrival at Archangel the Commander-in-Chief blandly informed him that he intended to go on leave at once; which he did, disappearing for good and leaving Ironside to command an assorted force of French, Poles, Russians, Americans and British.

The troops, finding to their horror that they were to be stuck campaigning through an Arctic winter for no very clear reason just as the battle in the West was coming to an end, were not in a good mood. The Russian officers, Tsarist and social-democrat, devoted their time to *putsches* against one another while their leaders dreamily revolved plans for raising a vast volunteer army. The American contingent were found lined up in the forest, their rifles at the ready, while a few shells were falling wide. "What! *Rest?*" cried their commander to Ironside's suggestion, "in this hellish bombardment?" The French commander wired himself in and refused to stir. The Poles would not go into action until they had been blessed by their priest, whom their colonel had arrested and refused to set free again. The Russian commander issued melancholy orders of the day :

> I ask myself the question, when will this people realise that they are disgracing the uniform of their native land by carrying on them women's ornaments? How pitiful is all this and how deeply disgusting!

The British mutinied; the Russians mutinied; the French stayed in bed and would not get up. And the Military Representative of the Armenian Republic, which did not exist, complained that Lord Ironside had stolen two bears from him, which he had intended to present to the King and Mr. Churchill.

Lord Ironside stolidly describes all this, and explains how, surrounded by lunatic chaos, he restored a measure of order, built up and held a front under climatic conditions never before experienced by British troops, sponsored a reasonably efficient White Russian army, launched a successful spring offensive, and eventually evacuated his force. When the final embarkation was complete a solitary British soldier was found on the deserted dockside. "I am Captain Snodgrass's servant," he said stoutly, "and he told me to wait here until he came."

The reasons for the campaign are described clearly, and, from the viewpoint of the War Office, convincingly. Apparently no official history is being written. A pity: one of our leading novelists is well equipped to write it. Basil Seal, Captain Grimes, Scott-King and Apthorpe would all have been perfectly at home in Archangel in 1919.

MICHAEL HOWARD

NEW NOVELS

The Goodly Seed. By JOHN WYLLIE. *Secker & Warburg.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Second Curtain. By ROY FULLER. *Verschoyle.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Saints in Heli. By GILBERT CESBRON. Translated by JOHN RUSSELL. *Secker & Warburg.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Water Tower. By ANDRÉ STIL. Translated by MOLLIE OMART and YVONNE KAPP. *Lawrence & Wishart.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

"It is time for the destruction of error." Three-quarters of the novelist's impulse is summed up in Auden's line, the error to be destroyed being received opinions, whether held by his readers or by the characters he creates, about human behaviour and its motives. And a considerable part of his problem as a writer is to devise adequate means by which error may be destroyed, his character's illusions dispelled and their place taken by some degree of self-knowledge. Normally, the means have to be worked for; a whole elaborate machinery of misunderstanding devised whereby Emma Woodhouse shall at last have the truth about herself thrust upon her, a whole transatlantic shipment of millionairesses organised before Kate Croy and Merton Densher can reach the point of self-recognition. Life—the novelist's raw material—being what it is, most good novels are comparable to problems in logistics. Once in a while, however, the circumstances of life are such that this part of the novelist's task is done for him. Consider, for instance, the setting of Mr. Wyllie's novel *The Goodly Seed*: a Japanese prisoner-of-war camp on an island near Singapore : such a setting imposes of itself a test of character by which the illusory is remorselessly destroyed and reality exposed. Which is as much as to say that Mr. Wyllie will probably not be fully aware of the novelist's problems until he essays, as one trusts he will, a second novel with a different setting.

Meanwhile, he is to be congratulated on having

written a first novel which impressed not only by the power of its writing but also by the largeness and charity of mind in which the book exists. Mr. Wyllie certainly does not shirk the horrors of his scene, but neither does he emphasise, much less sensationalise, them; they are there as the necessary condition of his characters' being, men under an almost intolerable duress who must keep, or make, their values when everything has gone, for many of them even the hope of survival itself. Mr. Wyllie's generosity of spirit, which is one way of saying his intention to see truly, is such that he even makes it possible for us to understand his Japanese captors. Mr. Wyllie limits the scope of his action to the four days of Christmas, 1944. At its centre is the figure of the British Camp Commandant, a squadron-leader who is a veteran of the earlier war. He is dying of beri-beri, and round this the whole action of the novel takes place; the moral problems that obsess the other main characters spring from it. Is the camp doctor to sacrifice one of his two vials of B1 concentrate on the uncertain chance of saving his life? When, knowing he is deciding as the commandant would if he were in his place, the doctor decides against it, will the medical orderly, who loves the commandant, go through with his intention of administering the drug to him surreptitiously? And so on. It is through the intensity with which they face their moral problems that these characters come to life; that they can choose and reject gives them significance.

Yet the character of the commandant remains the most remarkable. It is a very considerable achievement; for here Mr. Wyllie shows us the atheist as a man of religion. This is a memorable study, of a man whom all love and, it seems, no one can get on without, not even the Japanese. He is presented with no sentimentality but with the same direct vision as the Japanese. *The Goodly Seed* is a truly humane novel which may properly be called inspiring.

The Second Curtain is Mr. Roy Fuller's first novel for adults. It is a most entertaining work. The publisher does a service to no one by describing it as "an intellectual thriller recalling the manner of the early Graham Greene, but its world is more real"—whatever that means. It is at its weakest precisely as a thriller, and may be much better seen as a parable of the relation between literature and the world of action and affairs. Mr. Fuller uses the thriller form for much the same purposes as a novelist a hundred or more years ago did the picaresque: to place his character in unfamiliar scenes and disconcerting situations and thus reveal his true reality. If one had to seek a novel with which to compare *The Second Curtain* the obvious choice would be Mr. Muggeridge's *Affairs of the Heart* and not anything of Mr. Greene's; for the subject is the literary life. Like Mr. Muggeridge, Mr. Fuller explores a character who exists on the edge of the modern counterpart of Gissing's New Grub Street. George Garner, the not-too-successful novelist who earns his living as literary adviser to a publisher, lives behind his beard in a flat in Bayswater and sees himself secretly as Walpole's successor as a letter-writer. For him, literature *is* life, and almost his only genuine human contact is with the blind girl who cleans his rooms for him. He is seedy and absurd but not silly, for he dwells continually in a state of self-consciousness, both in the good and in the bad senses of the expression. Mr. Fuller draws his portrait full-length with a kind of loving fidelity and in the dry, humorous exactness of language we know from his poems. I found it a delightful novel. The solidity of Garner more than compensates for the unconvincingness of the thriller-element which strikes one as being precisely what Garner himself, with his incurably literary mind might have devised.

Neither *Saints in Hell* nor *The Water Tower* has much to do with the novelist's pursuit of the reality behind the illusions of received opinions. *The Water Tower* is a pure example of Socialist realism, which is an aesthetic gospel having nothing to do with realism as ordinarily understood. It is indeed an aesthetics of wishful-thinking, *i.e.*, propaganda. (*Saints in Hell* might be described as an exercise in the Roman Catholic counterpart of this.) M. Stil, who is the editor of *l'Humanité*, describes how the unemployed dockers of La Pallice react to the arrival of the American Air Force, about which one character says:

> At this rate, where shall we be in a year from now? Here, make a note of the date—you'll see in December 1951 . . . They want war in the next year, the very next year. They're in a hurry.

When propaganda comes into fiction, humanity flies out and so does the observation of human beings, who are turned into monsters. So, in *The Water Tower*, we wait for the inevitable, for the wicked Americans, who think nothing of shouting out from their trucks naughty words at nuns, to run down, without stopping, a small child or a poor old man; and sure enough it happens. *Saints in Hell* has for its hero a worker-priest in a Paris slum. As an account of poverty and miserable housing conditions it is quite as grim as M. Stil's book, and as a novel it is rather better, if only because the hero does emerge as a suffering human being not immune to human weaknesses. We leave him about to pursue his vocation in a coal-mine, having by his activities in Paris offended the Communist Party and incurred the suspicion on the part of his superiors of being a Communist himself. *Saints in Hell* is the more readably translated of these two novels.

WALTER ALLEN

SOCRATES FROM THE NORTH

Age and Youth. By ERNEST BARKER. *Oxford.* 21*s.*

At the beginning of the *Republic* Socrates says: "To tell the truth, I enjoy talking with very old people. They have gone before us on a road by which we too may have to travel, and I think we do well to learn from them what it is like . . ." It is difficult to think of Sir Ernest Barker as a very old man, but otherwise the quotation fits his book perfectly. It is not a formal autobiography; it is, as he says himself, much more like a conversation. Much of his personal life is omitted; there is little social or political comment. What we have instead is the record of an academic career with reflections on the personalities and principles that arise from such a record.

Sir Ernest Barker was born nearly eighty years ago in a small Cheshire cottage that was fortunately just within the orbit of Manchester. Helped by good luck and the indomitable devotion of his mother, he went with a scholarship to the Manchester Grammar School. Here he was completely happy and completely successful; the bitter poverty of his home was transcended. There is no better account anywhere of the excitement that contact with learning can produce in the mind of the very gifted child. He went on to Balliol with a scholarship, and after his inevitable firsts in Mods, Greats and History he obtained a Fellowship at Merton. All this is described in three admirable chapters, the best in the book. They have actually appeared before, but very wisely they are reprinted.

The new material which forms the major part of the autobiography describes his life teaching modern history as a Fellow of three Oxford colleges, his years in administration as Principal of King's College, London, his work as Professor of Political Science at Cambridge, and, finally, his various activities since his retirement, for example as visiting professor at Cologne. Superficially it is simply the record of an uneventful and distinguished academic career. It becomes a very good book partly because of the way it is written, which is informal and discursive, but scarcely ever simply anecdotal as academic autobiographies so often are. Partly its merits lie in the character that emerges; able, ambitious, but not too ambitious, loving knowledge, and with that rugged integrity which the author would delight to think was the mark of the Northerner. But of more lasting importance than these merits is the light that is thrown on general questions of academic policy. It is impossible to read the account of his schooldays without feeling determined that whatever changes come about in English education we must somehow retain the opportunity for a young Barker to find an education worthy of him in depth and in standard. In many ways his lot today would be much easier. But will a Comprehensive school let him read the *Alcestis* at fourteen? The answer to that question is plain enough. But to read of the illumination that the classics brought to the whole life of one who was fortunate enough to find them should make us ask how many are still denied his opportunity through the sheer chance of geography. There is a field and a challenge here for the educational reformer.

From the major part of the book that deals with the universities, other important questions emerge. The most fundamental concerns the proper

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relationship between scholarship, teaching and administration. With his experience of Oxford, Cambridge and London there is much to be learned from Sir Ernest's comments as to the differing attitudes of universities to this question. There is no doubt that it is to Oxford that he owes his deepest allegiance. He conceives himself to be primarily a teacher. The twenty or thirty hours a week that he spent on teaching he does not regard as wasted; his pride in them is so strong that he devotes a whole chapter to his Oxford pupils. As an administrator and as a professor he was conscious that something was lacking. And not only was he a teacher; he covered an astonishingly wide field. For him there could be no specialisation on authors or periods or even subjects of study. In one or two passages he regrets this diffusion that he sees as characteristic of Oxford. And it is true that such an approach has, perhaps, kept him from producing as much original work as he might otherwise have done. But faced with this life, and having regard to his published works, about which he says practically nothing, one may ask whether we are not in some universities in danger of allowing the pendulum to swing too far away from teaching towards research. For no university can have a higher vision of its proper function that to let its students learn from a mind as broad, as scholarly and as humane as that revealed in this book.

ERIC JAMES

IMMIGRANTS

The Uprooted. By OSCAR HANDLIN. *Watts.* 15*s.*

"Once I thought to write a history of the immigrants in America," says Professor Handlin. "Then I discovered that the immigrants *were* American history." Himself the son of an immigrant, he has here written a most sympathetic study of the thirty-five million people that poured across the Atlantic after 1750, relying largely on records left by these migrants in letters, memoirs and, above all, their vernacular newspapers. Though his book is scholarly, it is no dreary thesis, padded with statistics and references. It is an attempt to see emigration through the eyes of the peasants who made the arduous and often disillusioning journey: Mr. Handlin is less interested in the impact of the immigrant upon America, than in America's impact on the immigrant.

There are some fascinating things in this book. It begins with an analysis of the peasant community, and shows what forces drove millions from Europe. They took with them values that belonged to a society that was disintegrating, and no longer had room for the traditional outlook of the peasant; and they tried to live with those values in an expanding, and for them largely urban society that they could not understand, and to which it has taken three generations for them to assimilate. Driven from the land at home, they seldom found land in the New World, but were huddled into the big cities, and driven to find poorly paid and unskilled work. Pitchforked into industrial capitalism, lacking education, urban skills and organisation, their wage-rates depressed by the millions pressing in behind them, they yet remained conservative, clinging to what was left of their old cultures. Mr. Handlin shows, in an intriguing section of this excellent book, how the "new" Catholics swamped the American Church (the Irish especially refusing to accommodate their Church to American conditions) and how their fight for control was backed by the Vatican, the Papal Bull of 1899, *Testem Benevolentia*, condemning the social values of "Americanism." He also shows how the immigrants at first had no more than group consciousness: it was usually the second generation that became partisans of the nationalism of their homelands.

This is a book with many insights, and parts of it are most moving—not least the account of the older people's struggle for their children's loyalty. Mr. Handlin makes one ingenious suggestion that deserves further thought. How far, he asks, are American impatience with Europe's requests for help, and the widespread American feeling that Europe can't stand on its own feet, the product of the immigrants' resentment at the continual demands of those left behind? The immigrants sent the remittances; America doles out the dollars; both mix their charity with scorn for the beggars, who can't or won't look after themselves.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

SHORTER REVIEWS

Lord Northcliffe. By A. P. RYAN. *Collins.* 7*s.* 6*d*

The generation that grew up in the twenty years after the 1870 Education Act was eager, as Mr. Ryan says, to be exploited. The trend was to the newspaper trust and away from the old-fashioned party political paper. It was Northcliffe, more than any man, who had the force and capacity to produce the kind of newspaper that was in the circumstances inevitable. Mr. Ryan has done a remarkably neat job of summarising and commenting on his life. He has taken the trouble to look up at least a few copies of the early *Answers* and the early *Daily Mail* and he has dealt very fairly with Northcliffe's purchase and handling of *The Times* and with the last tragi-comedy of his megalomania. In his case the belief that he could personally make history by dictating what the public should think and thereby force himself as political dictator upon the Prime Minister turned into actual mental disease. The disease, in a non-certifiable form, is not uncommon among successful executives; in this, as in everything, Northcliffe was remarkable because, as one of his editors said, he was extraordinarily the ordinary man. He really believed all his own clichés. Mr. Ryan writes with clarity and point; his respect for Northcliffe's genius stops well this side of idolatry and his "brief Life" well serves its purpose as an introduction to a remarkable character and a study to one aspect, at least, of the modern problem of newspaper power.

The Livelihood of Man. By HONOR CROOME and GORDON KING. *Christophers.* 10*s.*

There is no danger of this book "putting ideas" into the heads of the Grammar school sixth-formers for whom it is primarily intended. As presented in these pages, the science of economics is safely purged of controversial political or moral judgments; the the authors' concern is to describe the way in which the machine "ticks" in a world based, with a few limited qualifications, on the assumption that the unplanned impulses of private profit and private enterprise will continue to deliver the goods. Observing that some people have argued that booms and slumps can be eliminated only in a planned economy, and that this involves placing at least the more important industries under public control, the authors comment: "On this point most economists, though not all, disagree with them." The balance is tilted heavily towards *laissez-faire* conception.

This apart, *The Livelihood of Man* forms an excellent introduction to the study of economics. It is simply and lucidly written; and it combines just enough economic theory for the sixth-former (including a very clear simplified description of the Keynesian analysis) with a factual and useful description of the economy of Britain, the practical operations of markets—commercial and financial—and the structure of international trade. It remains, however, something of an achievement at this time of day to have written a book on economics whose index omits completely the name of Marx.

Architects' Yearbook, No. 5. Edited by TREVOR DANNATT. *Elek.* 42*s.*

AYB (for short) may be cautiously recommended to the lay reader as a corrective to the picturesque viewpoint maintained in the Sunday effusions of architectural knights and the occasional pronouncements of the President of the R.I.B.A. It tries on the whole to maintain objective standards, even in matters of dimensional proportion (in England a traditional field for subjective opinion) and the opening article, a distinguished essay by Professor Wittkower on the

history of systems of proportion, can safely be recommended to anyone who wishes to know more about the subject itself, or about the views prevailing among an important body of younger architects.

Patrick Heron's *Space in Painting and Architecture*, strikes a very subjective note in these surroundings, and expresses views, particularly on Mondrian, which would probably not be upheld by the aforementioned younger architects; but the articles which follow are all well within the objective radical tradition of the "hard" school of modern architecture—with the exception of one on Frank Lloyd Wright, which appears, however, in such close proximity to an article on American architecture that its status cannot really be misunderstood. The architecture of Germany and Holland is also surveyed, as is Italian Industrial design; other articles deal with planning problems, the Bauhaus, and Chandigarh, the new capital of the Punjab. Then, having dealt with what might be termed Aesthetics *AYB* turns to technical and structural matters—a form of arrangement which shows how the new "hard" school differs from the old in modern architecture. Unlike the generation of the Twenties, which had always to cover its aesthetic decisions by reference to structural and functional considerations, the new men can take their aesthetics straight. It is a more honest position, but it is a very exposed one in a culture which is still in the grip of the handicraft standards of the nineteenth century.

Illustrated History of English Literature: Vol. 1 Chaucer to Shakespeare. By A. C. Ward *Longmans*. 25s.

Mr. Ward has very nearly done something very necessary and important—a popularising of the Hist. of Eng. Lit. for adult readers with some intelligence but no time to spare. Wyatt has "marked irregularities in the metrical flow of a good deal of his poetry," and this was thought due to his "lack of skill in verse-craft," but more recently,

> A shift in critical attitude has elevated Wyatt above Surrey . . . and has favoured the view that his roughnesses are due to deliberate metrical experimentation. . . . This more favourable opinion of Wyatt may well be due in part to the preference for less rigid metrical forms which marks mid-twentieth-century poetry and which has minimised the importance of Surrey's innovation by transferring to free verse much of the importance formerly attached to blank-verse.

A footnote explains that twentieth-century free-verse "is chiefly American in origin, from T. S. Eliot out of Walt Whitman, though Milton's (and in some degree Shakespeare's) later blank verse was veering away from metrical regularity." This is just a sample; and cognoscenti may wince at such rough handling, but really it is admirably compact and sensible.

The big disappointment is the last of the nine chapters, twenty pages devoted to Shakespeare and wasted in recounting the meagre facts and timid surmises pertaining to the life, in mentioning each play by name however briefly ("*Pericles, Prince of Tyre* (1608-9), is unimportant"), and in telling over in detail the plot of *Hamlet*. This is a pity, but Mr. Ward is capable of redeeming himself in the later volumes. If he does, it will be a notable achievement. Hist. of Eng. Lit. does not lend itself to illustration, but Elizabeth Williams has done well. Of her illustrations only a few are hackneyed; all are quaint; and some are a good deal more.

John Masefield. By Muriel Spark. *Peter Nevill*. 15s.

The comprehensive neglect of Masefield has seemed justified by the anthology pieces, by his former popularity at the expense of Yeats, and by a certain suspicion that he was, if not a Georgian, at least accepted by Georgians. Miss Spark disposes of the anthologised lyrics straight away—she sinks the cheap tin trays as unnecessary ballast. For her the more valuable cargo is the verse narrative, and this she attempts to reassess.

She manages to dissociate Masefield from the Georgians, but it would have been more helpful if she had tried to find out why he was so popular that the Georgians claimed him as their own, and why he struck his contemporaries so much more forcefully than did Yeats. Such an examination could have assisted our interest in Masefield, and helped Miss Spark to estimate his value. One reason why she does not do this may be that it would have betrayed too many weaknesses in her subject. Masefield is as much outside what we now consider the main poetic tradition of Yeats and Eliot as he is outside the Nineties-Georgian tradition. By 1911 he had turned determinedly to Chaucer and Wordsworth. But though he had the originality to reject the poetic attitude he found he had not the originality to put something contemporary in its place.

> The curate's pigeons gave a flutter,
> A cat went courting down the gutter . . .

This has a certain concrete strength that the Georgians obviously lack—but on this foundation he built nothing. The evasive end of *The Everlasting Mercy* is characteristic of this failure: the whole poem is an exciting working towards something which never actually arrives. Masefield is at his most competent when he is most circumstantial.

The real fault of Miss Spark's book is a fairly common one—she never gives us a good reason why we should read Masefield. She differentiates between his bad and good verse but *implies* that there is more virtue in the good than she actually convinces us of.

The Boy from Greece. An Epic Story of Courage. By James Kinross. *Murray*. 8s. 6d.

Vassili Vellos, the eleven-year-old Greek boy who was blinded and crippled by a grenade thrown by bandits and came to England for treatment, is already known to the public through the B.B.C. It is a sad but admirable story—the boy struggling against his disabilities, constantly operated upon, learning a new language, being fitted with an artificial hand and a boot to help him to walk, attending a school for the blind and finally hoping to earn his living as a telephonist. On the other side are all the people, Greek and English, who nursed and rehabilitated him; most admirable is the family in South Wales who, in spite of his terrible scarring and helplessness, adopted him and built up his confidence, the mother even learning Braille so that she could teach him. If biographies of those still living—and indeed of the young—are to be written, this boy's is a tale to tell. It is a pity, however, that it should be told in a highly fictional manner, thoughts, feelings and conversations invented, even to lapses in grammar. The author has an irritating habit of using repetition in conversation to increase the pathos ("'A scarf,' he said at once, 'a scarf I can wear on a journey. I'll weave a little scarf and make it ever so long'") and of letting his characters, for the benefit of the reader, tell one another facts they know already. The conversations between Mam and Dad of the Barry family are sometimes embarrassing in their shining but colloquial charity. The book is very readable but, on the whole, of the saccharine type.

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,239

Set by G. de Vavasour

Prizes are offered for a set of six of the most useful basic sentences (in the form either of queries or statements) for a visiting foreigner staying as the guest, in this country, of one of the following: a Q.C., a Cabinet Minister, a publisher, a literary or dramatic critic, a high official of the Anglican Church or of the British Army, a psychoanalyst. Entries by December 1.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,236

Set by Adela Mommsen

Proprietary articles tend nowadays to bear cosily tempting names, such as The Toastatoe Gas-fire and the famous Buck-U-Uppo pills of P. G. Wodehouse. The usual prizes are offered for the best set of invented names to entice purchasers for each of the following contrivances: a lawn-mower, a vacuum-cleaner, a potato-peeler, an alarm-clock, a washing-machine and an aperient (for the last-named, competitors must watch their steps).

Company Meeting

TUBE INVESTMENTS LIMITED

Growing Operational Strength

A return to realistic prices and profits, and further increases in the company's operational strength, were reported by Mr. Ivan Stedeford, Chairman of Tube Investments Limited, in his annual statement circulated with the accounts to shareholders. The annual meeting will be held in Birmingham on 9th December.

Mr. Stedeford said that his warning a year ago, that profits were likely to undergo a severe shake-up before industry became conditioned to a world buyers' market, had been borne out by events. Profits totalled £6,199,151, compared with £9,291,834 in the previous year. This last figure included £1,000,000 exceptional profits from appreciating stock values. If this sum and income from other sources were excluded, real trading profits for 1952/53, after depreciation, were £5,872,259 against £8,056,595, a reduction of £2,184,336. This 27% fall in profits related to a reduction in sales turnover of only 4%. It meant that, despite a drop in world demand, and the consequent intensified competition, TI had practically maintained its sales turnover, but at a price. The earnings afforded a fair reflection of these rigorous conditions; that they were still substantial might give some satisfaction.

Describing additions to TI's operational strength, he detailed the purchase of Round Oak Steel Works Ltd. (costing £5,800,000), which would help safeguard TI's tube steel supplies. For some time these had been barely enough to keep the mills working at more than two-thirds capacity. Another acquisition (costing just over £1,000,000) was W. H. A. Robertson & Co. Ltd., specialists in the design and manufacture of rolling mills and heavy to light machinery and components. Other projects nearing completion were the aluminium rolling mills in South Wales, which already enabled TI to offer certain products at lower prices, and the £2,500,000 plant for making special quality bearing tubes, for which a big demand existed.

Exports at £18,000,000

Direct exports were over £18,000,000, a reduction of nearly £2,000,000 from the previous year's record. Foreign competitors had made certain headway in some of their traditional markets but, by and large, TI had not been losing ground to them. Dollar country shipments continued on a very satisfactory scale.

A sharp recession in the European and British aluminium industries turned the Aluminium Division's previous profit to a substantial loss. There had, however, been an encouraging increase in exports, and the full savings in costs expected from the new rolling mills promised a fair share of future trade in this competitive market. Overseas market restrictions had led to a halt in the Cycle Division's meteoric rate of expanding output, when, in addition to big home sales, over 1½ million cycles were exported in one year. By improving processes, TI had absorbed rising costs and produced more and better bicycles without greatly extended premises, and was thus able to retrench with the least embarrassment on the return of more difficult conditions. Much more than half of Britain's cycle exports to the U.S. had come from TI in recent months.

The General and Engineering Divisions had achieved record results, a feature being TI's increasing participation in the capital goods field. The Tube Division, though experiencing a fall in demand for some products, made good with others, and enjoyed satisfactory trading, while the Electrical Division, with a number of new products, had made good headway.

For TI's overseas associates and subsidiaries, the year had been one of consolidation and development rather than expansion. Good progress was reported on all fronts. The potential importance of Central Africa had been recognised in the formation of a small company, TI (Central Africa) (Private) Ltd., which would be developed when opportunity commended.

Concluding, Mr. Stedeford said that we were passing into a tough new age when a company had to be fit to survive. TI had been saving and spending well to condition itself for these circumstances, and he was encouraged by the knowledge that the companies were in fine shape to meet them.

Report by Adela Mommsen

The difficulty of providing six bull's-eyes did not deter competitors and the entry was large. Results fair to middling only. It is significant (but of what?) that the bell was most easily rung, so to speak by the aperients: Kum-Fee-Tums, Regular Fellows and Relaxateezes abounded, while no fewer than ten happy thoughts produced some variation of The Open Sesame. In my view, the hardest was the washing-machine, with the lawn-mower a close second. The adjective "tempting" rather went to the wall; from some of the suggested names one would run a mile. However, there was at least one delicious wince in most entries and the more sensitive must avert their gaze from what follows.

Prize-awarding is more awkward than ever. No competitor scored full marks, but Barrackview gets a first prize of two guineas for a tasteful and well-balanced list, and the remainder of the prize money is divided equally between the three other entries printed in full. To save space, the invented names are in the order set out above.

The Lady Lorna, The Windy Wendy, The Snik-a-Spud, The Kok-a-Doo-dle, The *Sans-Gene*, Yummilax.

BARRACKVIEW

The Greenshaver, The DUN-IN-WUN-WOOSH, The Murfinuder, The RYSENSHYNE, The Whirlisudsy, SKEWSMEE tablets.

L. G. UDALL

The Tydi-Turf, The Room-Groomer, The Eye-Opener, The Up-Bechimes, The Mundy-Wunda, The Evac-U-Ease.

JOYCE JOHNSON

The Swardmaster "Snickablade," The Supersux, The Trimatater, The Dies Irae (Shattaslepe Clox Ltd.), The Wurliswurl, Velvapurge.

GERALD PRIESTLAND

Cold comfort to Little Billee, M. B. Shaw, Joan Munds and Helen Bovey to tell them that they were in at the finish. The following is a selection of agreeable suggestions.

A LAWN-MOWER

The Velviturf (M. Ammon); The Sigh-No-Mower (J. B., and L. Metford); The Magnificut (Joan Munds).

A VACUUM-CLEANER

The Pixie Tupp (Helen Bovey); The Suxsaxful (Little Billee); The Dusty Answer (Granville Garley, and Ward Williams); The Satisvaction (Robert Gaffikin).

A POTATO-PEELER

The Spudcutaner (Edgar Lewis); The Pomme-de-Tergent (M. D. Jones); The Ex-Spud-itious (Mrs. Ormerod); The Teeny-Peelings Taty-Parer (M. B. Baker).

AN ALARM CLOCK

The Punct-U-Always (D. R. Peddy); The Slumba-stop (Marcus); The Bell-ami (Helen Bovey).

A WASHING-MACHINE

The Immaculator (E. M. Woolf); The Seethesuds (Terence Melican); The Autolav (Gerald Summers).

AN APERIENT

Persuasion (Little Billee); and Laughing Water (John Brown).

CHESS: The Mulberry Bush

No. 216

For the purpose in hand it might be more precise to say: "Delete Mulberry Bush. Substitute King and Bishop respectively." Then indeed we should find ourselves in perfect tune with the nursery rhyme when glancing at two delightful positions sent in by that loyal friend of the column, Dr. Gyorgy Páros of Budapest. Here is the first one which is, of course, almost a classic: a prize-winner of F. J. Prokop's at the International Moscow Study Competition of 1925. White is to draw, and the key is (1) Kt-B8 ch, K-R1, (2) Kt-Kt6ch Q x Kt, (3) P queens ch, K-R2, (4) B-Kt1! Now, obviously, if the Black Q takes the B White forces stalemate by Q-KB5 ch. Hence, (4) . . . B-B6ch! (5) K-K3! Again, on account of the same stalemate threat, the Black Q mustn't take the B. Hence, (5) . . . B-Q5 ch, (6) K-Q2! Now, if Black took the B White could force the draw by Q-R8 ch, followed by Q-R7. Hence (6) . . . B-K6 ch, (7) K-B3!, and now if the Black Q were to take the charmed life of that B, White could force the stalemate by Q x P ch. Hence, there is nothing for it but to "go round and round." But the point of the story is in the second diagram sent by Dr. Páros. This is a game position—Buchmann-Schneider, Berlin 1935—which proves (if proof indeed were needed) how useful it is for the practical player to be well acquainted with famous endgame studies. Obviously, White could have a draw immediately by checking on f8 and f7, but he hoped to do better than that and played K-Kt1; the sequel being (1) . . . P x P, (2) P-B5, P x P, (3) Kt-R5. How now was Black to escape mate? Fortunately, he knew his Prokop and took his opponent for a perpetual ride on a merry-go-round: (3) . . . R-Q8 ch, (4) K-R2, R-R8 ch, (5) K-Kt3, R-R6 ch, (6) K-B2, R-B6 ch, (7) K-Kt1, R-B8 ch, and so round and round again.

A: Faust 1938

The 4-pointer is a game position in which Black found himself regrettably "short of timber"; but fortunately he had a brainwave worthy of his namesake, the illustrious philosopher. To facilitate matters for beginners I might add that Black secured the draw on the lines of our present theme, and not without divesting himself of even more material. Much the same applies to **B**, an ingenious study, by no means as easy as it looks; but for my useful little hint, it may well be underrated with 6 ladder-points. White is to draw. Lest competitors be stricken by a touch of giddiness I meant to conclude with a soberly honest study, such as some juicy R. & P. ending; but I just happened to come across an irresistible bit of mischief. How then—in **C**—is White to escape with a draw? This, too, is not quite as easy as it looks, and to help competitors win their 7 points I might usefully add that the final position is reminded of a see-saw rather than a merry-go-round.

B: R. M. Kasparjan 1938

C: S. A. Wolf 1905

Usual prizes. Entries by Nov. 30.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set on October 31

A: (1) Q-R8 ch, K-R2 (2) Q-KR8 ch, Kt x Q (3) R-Kt7 mate.

B: (1) P-B4 (thr. P-B5, Kt-Q7), K x R. (2) P-B5 ch, K x P (3) P-B6 ch, K-Q3. (4) P-B7, B x P. (5) P-B8 Kt mate.
if (2) . . . K-K4. (3) Kt-Q7 ch, K x P. (4) P-K4 ch, K-B3. (5) Kt-Kt8 mate.

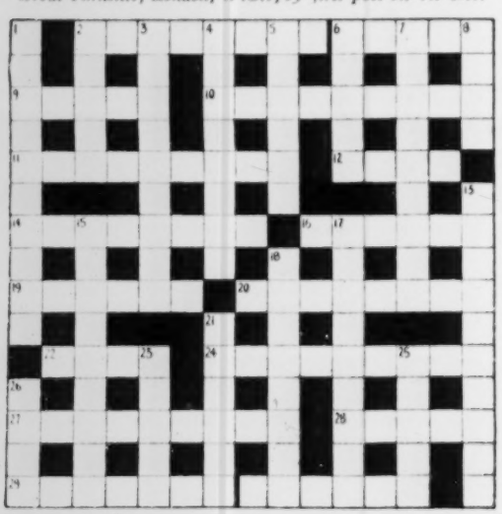
C: (1) Kt-K2, R-B7 ch. (2) Kt-B3 ch, K-R6. (3) R-K1, P-R5. (4) R-QR1 ch, K-Kt7. (5) R-Kt1 ch, K-R6. (6) R-Kt4, P-K6. (7) R x P ch, K-Kt 7. (8) R-Kt4 ch, etc.
if (1) . . . R-R8. (2) Kt-B3 ch, K-R6. (3) R-K2, etc.

A good many correct solutions. Prizes shared by R. Chandra, R. C. Chaturvedi, J. B. Cock, M. G. Harman (J. R.'s schoolboy son), W. T. Maccall. *Non-Londoners' 17th move* Q-B1. *Londoners' 17th due by Nov. 25.*

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 75

Prizes: Three book tokens of 10s. 6d. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 75, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on 1st Dec.



ACROSS

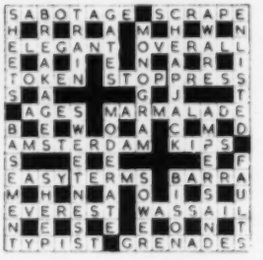
2. African fruit drops (8, 5).
9. South before her is an eastern city (5).
10. Ten days' work (9).
11. Just the hat for warmth (9).
12. Make an impression on a publisher (4).
14. Returns part of the army equipment (8).
16. God who may be found under the table (6).
19. Caught the sexes promiscuous in the extreme (6).
20. Lake carol (8).
22. Its great gate was one of the pictures from an exhibition (4).
24. Pure and unseen (9).
27. Town where you can get a drink for a penny (9).
28. The way of endless nonsense (5).
29. Games permitting speedy movement of men (7, 6).

DOWN

1. Toady in prison? (10).
2. Girl who apparently does not want a man to stay (5).
3. Cavaliers and Charles surrounding a dictator (9).
4. Fated to become a parson? (8).
5. Measures needed for the Scottish islands (6).
6. Celebrated, but fancy embracing me! (5).
7. What may be seen in the glass? Not Gretel (9).
8. Province with a bad record from the sound of it (4).
13. Without allies or pacifists (10).
15. For this church worker credit is in the devil (9).
17. Bad second hidden and stolen away (9).
18. Churchill's medieval fellow (8).
21. Commit a crime and spoil us up north (6).
23. Poetry with nothing overleaf (5).
25. Food nearly all ready for picking (5).
26. Give the prisoners up and make an exchange (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 73



PRIZEWINNERS TO NO. 73

Mrs. Kathleen Wright (Huddersfield), J. H. G. Gibbs (Upminster), Miss M. K. Brookes (Birmingham)

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

ASHLEY Court, 7 Leinster Square, W.2. Phone BAY. 4253. Lux. serv. rooms, bed, breakfast, dinner optional. Moderate.

KENWYN Private Hotel, 29 West Cromwell Rd., S.W.5. FRO. 1000. All cons. 12s. 6d. 15s. 6d. B. & B., wkly. terms arrgd.

A BRIGHT hotel (close Marble Arch), White Park, 9 Lancaster Gate, W.2 (PAD. 8406), c.h.w., phones, restaurant, porters, from 17s. 6d. daily, and breakfast.

LONDON, York House, 27 Philbeach Gardens, Earls Court, S.W.5. Tel. FRO. 7579. Room & breakfast, 17s. 6d. daily.

PART-Furn. flat. Large bedrm./lounge, kit./bath. £14 p. month. MOU. 0338.

COMF. bed-sitting rooms. H. & C., cooking facils., own door-bell, complete privacy. 70 Priory Rd., N.W.6. MAI. 5141.

LARGE single divan-room in woman doctor's maisonnette. Partial serv. Use kit. & bath. £8 10s. mthly. PRI. 1202 before 12.30.

RESEARCH worker now in Oxford for 1 year, wishes to let his London flat from Monday to Saturday noon to person away at week-ends. 2 delightful, well-furnished rooms, kitchen, outside bathroom, telephone, linen, etc. Self-contained. Converted monastery in mews near Baker Street and Regent's Park. References required and given. Rent £2 15s. p.w. Box 3454.

BLOOMSBURY. Fur. b/s., use k. Bus stn. 2½gns. HOL. 0551 wkdy. aft. 8.30 p.m.

N.W.3, nr. Tube, furn. b/sit., h. & c., cooker, 37s. 6d. Lady prefd. PRI. 3560.

WEST Kensington. Several small furn. flats to let 4 to 6gns. p.w. Box 3443.

TASTEFULLY furn. bed-sitting rm., single, cen. htg., own tel. ext., in quiet flat nr. buses & tube. Hampstead 0244.

YNG. designer (f.) offers share of s.c. charmingly furn. flat nr. Swiss Cottage. Sep. bed-sitt., all convs. Musician welcomed. PRI. 9857 bef. 9 a.m. or aft. 6 p.m.

B/S rm. (well furn.) nom. charge only in exch. occ. baby-sitting. FIN. 5315.

ST. John's Wood. Charming furn. flat, large lounge, sm. double-bedrm., kitchen w.h.w., sh. bath. 4gns. p.w. incl. el. & part. heating. Ref. reqd. MAI. 5647.

ATTRACTIVE bed-sit. room, furn. or partly furn., in young prof. couple's flat, Georgian square, W.1. £3 10s. week inclg. c.h.w., elec., use bath & kit., tel. Box 3476.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

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ATTRAC. furnished flatlet with h. & c. and cooking facilities. Nr. buses Tube. Refs. reqd. 'Phone Tudor 9073.

PROF. woman offers share lge. well-furn. garden flat, 1-2 persons. Box 3466.

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UNFURN. s.c. upper maisonette, Hampstead Heath. 4 rooms, k. & b. Mod. controlled rent. Furn. & fittings £140. Box 4525.

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PLEASANT furn. flatlet or bed-sitting room with use K. & B. reqd. by 2 bus. girls. Pref. Swiss Cott., St. John's Wd./Hamp. area. Mod. rent. Careful tenant. Box 3518.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

COUPLE with baby need furn. or unfurn. flat with bathroom. London area. Or would buy cottage. Box 3502.

WANTED by professional m/m & wife furn./unfurn. s.c. flat, W., S.W., N.W. area, garage if possible. Box 3378.

FUR./unfur. 1-2 rms., K., reqd., London. Educ. man desiring privacy. Box 3371.

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YOUNG stud. designer reqs. studio room with good light, ckg. facils., etc., around Dec. 5 or Jan. Pref. nr. South Kensington. Reas. rent. Hollaway, 5 Berkeley Gdns., Kensington, W.8.

PROFESSIONAL lady reqs. s.c. 3-rmd flat, furn./unfurn., accessible West End. Tel. MAY. 6778 between 10 and 6 p.m.

YOUNG prof. man seeks furn. rm. (s) with proper ckg. facils. Temple, Westminster, Chelsea or Bloomsbury. Box 3516.

WANTED, by 3 Australian M.C.s on working holiday, s.c. 3-4 bedrm. flat/house, Dec.-Apr. Close Tube & Cen. Lon. Box 3481.

RESEARCH stud., wife, need furn. flat Dec. 5–Jan. 5. Easy reach Brit. Mus. J. Sperling, King's College, Cambridge.

BACHELOR, prof. occup., seeks another with house/flat to share. Own sizeable rm., tel. &c. essent. Inner S.W. pref. Box 4448.

YOUNG Civil Servant (m.), pt.-time evening art student urgently requires single accom. with bkfast., evening & week-end meals, within 3½d. fare from Victoria. Low rent. Apply stating weekly rent. Box 3073.

WOMAN Student requires roomy studio-bedroom in Regent's Park area. Partial board. With piano an advantage. Box 3416.

ALL amiable art teacher, writer wife, daught. 2½, seek by Jan. un./part-furn. acc. London area, to £140 p.a. £50 advance, or redec., type, ck., baby-sit., coach. Box 3459.

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BALLIOL College, Oxford. Fellowship in Modern History. The College proposes to elect, as from September 29, 1954, an Official Fellow, who will be responsible for the teaching of History, British and foreign, mainly of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, and of Political Theory. Applications should be received not later than January 1, 1954. Further details may be obtained from the College Secretary.

B.B.C. requires Assistant in Appointments Department to be concerned with recruitment and promotions and transfers of staff, in a wide variety of departments dealing with Programme Output. Administration and specialist activities. Duties: arranging and presiding at Appointment Boards; individual interviews with candidates; preparing short lists for Board interviews and dealing with enquiries and correspondence. Qualifications: good judgment of people, experience in Staff Administration, particularly knowledge of selection methods and procedure, sympathetic interest in people of widely varying types and qualifications; ability to conduct exploratory interviews and compose concise reports; wide interests; good education preferably to University standard. Salary £795 per annum (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) with 5 annual increments to £1,065 maximum. Applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "142 N.Stm." within a week. For acknowledgement please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

LONDONDERRY High School, Northern Ireland, requires in January: Graduate Mistress to teach English, French and other Junior School subjects. Experience of training desirable. Candidates from Great Britain will receive a bonus towards travel exps. Apply immediately to Head Mistress.

WANTED, lady expd. in School organisation to become deputy Headmistress or partner in a new Girls' Senior Private School in Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia. A long established Junior School is now developing its senior department. The post offers great opportunity for an educationalist of experience and enthusiasm. Particulars from: Mrs. B. M. Anderson, M.A., Oxon, Chisipite School, Salisbury, S. Rhodesia.

COUNCIL of Social Service conducting Family Welfare Work, Old People's work, C.A.B., etc., requires qualified Family Caseworker (junior) also to act as Assistant to the Secretary. Salary, according to experience commencing in the region of £260 (minimum). Full details in writing to Sec., Council of Social Service, 22 Chapel Rd., Worthing.

FABIAN Society requires immediately secretary-shorthand-typist at £325/£345, according to qualifications, plus increments. Apply in writing to General Secretary, 11 Dartmouth Street, S.W.1. Mark letters "Sec. ST."

REQUIRED, Case-worker (C.A.B., After-Care, Family problems, etc.). Also Research Assistant (Re-development scheme) with experience practical social work. Form and particulars from Warden, University Settlement, Bristol, 5.

EXPERIENCED field organiser wanted by national professional organisation to canvass potential members and develop branch activity. State experience and salary required. Box 4382.

NATIONAL Association for Mental Health. Experienced Psychiatric Social Worker required for Northern Office. Age 35-45, resident Leeds. Prepared to do case work, to take part in educational work, undertake research projects and pioneer work. P.S.W. salary scale. Applications within 14 days to: Organising Secretary, N.A.M.H., 7 Mount Preston, Leeds, 2.

LONDON County Council requires Home Help Organiser (temporary staff) for duty, in first instance, in Battersea area. Energy and ability to manage staff required. Exp. in running a domestic help or similar social service desirable. Salary £562 10s. (£4 5s. £625, commencing according to quals. and exp. Application form and details from Divisional Medical Officer, Division 9, Fairfield St., S.W.18. Closing date December 5.

LEEDS Council of Social Service invites applications for Senior Family Caseworker. Training, experience and ability to supervise students essential. Salary according to qualifications and experience. Travelling and subsistence allowances according to scale. Applications, with names of two refs. within 14 days to Secretary, Kirkgate House, Church Row, Leeds, 2, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

THE University of Leeds. Applications are invited from graduates and others who are competent shorthand-typists for a vacancy in the office of the Registrar, salary according to age, qualifications and experience. Fully detailed applications, giving the names of two referees, should reach the Registrar, The University, Leeds, 2, not later than November 28, 1953.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

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EXPERIENCED Matron. Full charge small group boarders in Co-ed. day school, North London. Good salary. Box 3440.

FABIAN Society. Applications are invited by December 10 for the position of Assistant Secretary at a salary of £450 p.a. Particulars from the General Secretary, 11 Dartmouth Street, S.W.1. Mark letters "Asst. Sec."

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BRITISH Institute of Archaeology at Ankara invites applications for Scholarship for Session 1954 (March 15-December 15), value £382, to include travelling expenses. Applicants must be of British Commonwealth nationality and should be graduates, or become graduates in the current academic year, of a United Kingdom or British Commonwealth University. Applications should be supported by recommendations from universities of applicants. Twelve copies of all applications, testimonials and recommendations to be sent not later than January 9, 1954, to the Sec., British Institute of Archaeology at Ankara, 56 Queen Anne St., London, W.1.

FIRCROFT. Residential College for Working Men. One scholarship, value £150, and six bursaries, value £75, are offered for a one-year course of study in Economics, Politics, History, International Relations, Social Studies, English Language and Literature, &c., for the year beginning September, 1954. Copies of the prospectus and application form from the Warden, Fircroft College, Birmingham, 30.

PERSONAL

FORMER modern hotel now university hall of residence offers accommodation, breakfast & dinner: Christmas Vacation 1953, March 29-April 21, July 12-Sept. 14, 1954. 110 rooms (91 with private bathrooms); central heating and constant hot water day & night; 2 spacious lounges, and conference hall (ballroom); large, attractive garden. Ideal for study groups, holiday parties, reunions, conferences. Enquiries to Matron, Halliday Hall, South Side, Clapham Common, London, S.W.4. Tel. TULsehill 8432.

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PERSONAL—continued

EDUCATED woman (British), university degree in history of art (Hamburg), two years' lecturer at the Sorbonne, nine years' Fleet Street journalistic experience, widely travelled, trained photographer, seeks employment anywhere; research journalist, ghost writer, art dealer's assistant, other suggestions considered. Box 3531.

CAN anyone genuinely recommend quiet, cheerful, non-difficult trained nannie for busy journalist's first baby, January? Small, comfortable house, S.W.1. Free week-ends and liberal evenings offered; privacy and domestic peace greatly desired. Own room, radio, daily help. Every consideration for right person. Box 3479.

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PERSONAL—continued

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ENTERTAINMENTS

THEATRE Royal, Stratford, E.15. MAR 1075. Tues.-Fri. 7.45, Sats. 6 & 8.30. Sun., November 29, Members only 7.45. "The Travellers," by Ewan MacColl.

UNITY Theatre (EUS. 5391.) "The Rosenbergs." Weds.-Suns. 7.30, Mems. 2s. 6d. p.a. Admission 2s. 6d.-5s. 6d.

IRVING, Leicester Sq. WHI. 8657. Evgs. (ex. Mon) 10.30, Sun. 9.30. "Sing for Your Supper" (Second edition), a topical intimate Revue. Licd. till midn't. Mems. 5s.

TOWER Theatre Canonbury, near Islington Town Hall. Tavistock Rep. in Jean-Paul Sartre's "Crime Passionnel." Fri., Nov. 27, Sat., Nov. 28, Sun. (mems. only), Nov. 29, Fri., Dec. 4, and Sat., Dec. 5, at 7.30. Seats 2s., 3s. 6d. & 5s., bookable. 'Phone CAN. 5111 after 7.

EVERYMAN, Ham. 1525. Until Nov. 22: Griffith's "Intolerance" (U, London). From Nov. 23: Orson Welles' "The Magnificent Ambersons" (U).

NAT. Film Th., Sth. Bank. WAT. 3232. Sat., Nov. 21. "Philadelphia Story" (A) Katharine Hepburn, James Stewart & Cary Grant. 1.30, 3.45, 6, 8.15. Open to public.

HOLIDAY Friendship Service. Travel Film Show. Friends House, Euston Road. Monday, November 30, 7.30 p.m.

ERWIN Stein will speak on Benjamin Britten's Operas, assisted by Joan Cross, Peter Pears, Frederick Sharp and Robert Keys at Three Arts Club, 35 Gt. Cumberland Pl., W.1. Sun. Nov. 22 at 8. Dets. WES 7513.

PEOPLE'S Pal. Sun., Nov. 22, 7.30. "Es War Eine Rauschende Balinacht" (A).

ANGLO-German Association: Dance, Tuesday, November 24, Caxton Hall, 8-12 p.m. Austrian Band and Cabaret. Tickets 10s. 6d. from 43 Parliament St., S.W.1.

CONCERTS

ROYAL Festival Hall, Mon. & Tues. 23 & 24 Nov., at 8 p.m. Vienna Octet (members of Vienna Philharmonic Orch.) Works by Mozart, Schubert, Beethoven, Brahms and Michael Haydn. WATerloo 3191.

POULENC and Tailleferre will accompany Denise Duval (de l'Opéra), Raymond Amade (de l'Opéra-Comique) and Bernard Lefort in "Airs d'Opéras Français" to be introduced by the Earl of Harewood at the 78th Concert of French Music, Wigmore Hall, Wed., Nov. 25, at 7.30 p.m. Tickets 2s. 6d. to 10s. Box Office, WEL. 2141.

BRAHMS Concert: Victoria & Albert Museum, Sunday, December 6 at 8 p.m. Flora Nielsen (mezzo-soprano), William Primrose (viola), and George Malcolm (piano). Tickets: Res. 9s., 6s.; Unres. 3s. from Ibbs & Tillett, Ltd. (WEL. 8418) & Usual Agents: On Concert Night Only at Museum.

CHALUMEAU Wind Ensemble, Mary Whittington (soprano). Strawinsky Octet, Maxfield Structures (1st perf.), Mozart Serenade, Songs by Seiber, Fauré, Britten, Purcell, &c. Tues. next, at 8. R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St., S.W.1. 7s. 6d., 5s., 2s. 6d. Mgt. N. Cloveaux.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. post free.

"ENTERTAINING at Home" in Party mood. House & Garden keeps open house at its Decoration Centre, 16 Grafton Street, W.1. Rooms arranged as settings for entertaining, with furnishings and equipment you can buy in the shops. Open from Sept. 1; weekdays 10-5, Sats. 10-12. Free.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St., W.1. The Renaissance of the Fish. Closing November 28.

ROMAN Portrait Busts. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till Nov. 29. Weekdays 10-6, Suns. 2-6. Admission 1s.

KENSINGTON Art Gallery, 15 St. Mary Abbot's Tce., W.14. Chaja Schwartz to Nov. 28. Horse Pntgs. by Holesch to Dec. 4.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Collectors' Choice—19th and 20th Century Paintings.

ARCADE Gallery, 28 Old Bond Street. Formalism and Realism in 16th Cent. Art: Mannerist and Baroque Paintings.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George Street, W.1. Paintings by Santomaso. Sculpture by Marlow Moss. Until December 4.

WILLIAM Hartwell, Paintings, Green & Abbott Ltd., 35 St. George St., W.1. Nov. 12-Dec. 11. Mon.-Fri. 10-5, Sat. 10-12.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17-18 Dover St., W.1. "The Intimate Life of Paul Klee": Drawings & Watercolours 1908-1940. Until Dec. 30. Daily 11-6, closed Sundays. Members free, non-members 1s.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. First London Exhibition of paintings by Guerrier; and pochoirs by Gino Severini. Hours 10-6, Sat. 10-1. Closes Nov. 28.

IRVING Galleries, 17 Irving St., Leicester Square Exhibition of recent Paintings by Sheila Fokes and Robert Powter.

BOROUGH Bottega Exhibition of Paintings & Sculpture, Berkeley Galleries, 20 Davies St., W.1. Dly. 10-6. Sats. 10-1. Until Dec. 4.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. Paintings by Rene Magritte. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

BRIGHTON. Royal Pavilion. The State Apartments and King's Private Apartments with Regency furniture and works of art. Open daily 10-5 including Sundays.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, London, W.1. New Paintings by Francis Bacon. First Exhibition by Derrick Greaves.

YUGOSLAV Mediæval Frescoes (replicas). Arts Council Exhibition, Tate Gallery. Open till Dec. 13. Week-days 10-6 (Tues. & Thurs. 10-8), Suns. 2-6. Admission. 1s.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 28 Portman Square, W.1. Exhibitions: Medicine under Three Queens—Elizabeth I, Anne, Victoria; Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth. Daily (Sun. exc.) 10-5. Adm. free.

SPORT in Hungary Exhibition at Park Lane House, 45 Park Lane, Nov. 23 to Dec. 6 (not Dec. 1). Week-days 10-9, Sundays 2-7. Also films.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Sq. 55 Paintings from France. Also Pastels by Bernard Sickert. 10-5.30. Until Nov. 25.

MARLBOROUGH, 17/18 Old Bond St., W.1. European Masters. Daily 10-5.30. Sat. 10-12.30.

VISIT the Hampstead Artists Council's Christmas Market at Studio House, 1 Hampstead Hill Gdns., N.W.3. Gifts designed and made by artists. Open week-days, 2.30 to 7.30. Nov. 21 to Dec. 24.

ISRAELI Journey, Water-Colours by Harry Weinberger. Portraits and Other Paintings by Bernard Powell. At Walker's Galleries, 118 New Bond Street, W.1.

TOOTH'S: Recent Acquisitions VIII: paintings by Wilson, Gainsborough, Van Gogh, Toulouse-Lautrec, Renoir, Modigliani, etc. Daily 9.30-6, Saturdays 9.30-1. 31, Bruton Street, London, W.1.

THREE Arts Centre, 35/35a Gt. Cumberland Place, W.1. Paintings by the Painters' Group from the I.C.A. November 19 to December 1 (closed Nov. 21). Mon.-Sat. 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. Admission free.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

UNIVERSITY of London: The Stamp Memorial Lecture entitled "The New Commerce in Ideas and Intellectual Property" will be given by Professor Sir Arnold Plant at the University of London, Senate House, W.C.1, on Tuesday, December 1, at 5.30 p.m. Admission free, without ticket.

INSTITUTE of Contemporary Arts (in co-operation with the Pegasus Society), 17 Dover St., W.1. November 29, 8.15. "New Theatre in Canada," by Pierre Lefevre. Members 2s., Guests 3s.

INSTITUTE of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St., W.1. Discussion, November 24, 8.15. Symposium on Paul Klee's "Pedagogical Sketchbook." Speakers: Lawrence Alloway, Quentin Bell, Victor Pasmore, H. S. Williamson. Chairman: Professor William Coldstream. Members 2s., Guests 3s.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Wed., Nov. 25, John Carter, Chairman of United Democratic Party, on "British Guiana," St. Anne's House, 57 Dean Street, W.1, 7.30. Visitors 2s.

I.L.P. Forum: Sunday, Nov. 22. Speaker from U.S.A. Embassy on "Objects of U.S.A. Foreign Policy," Montague Hotel, Montague St., W.C.1 (near Russell Sq.), 7.30.

LADY Megan Lloyd George will speak on "Equal Pay To-day—the Rate for the Job," at Caxton Hall, Westminster, Fri., Nov. 20, 7 p.m. Fawcett Society Open Meeting.

INDIAN Students' Send-off to Harry Pollitt going to India. Speakers Palme Dutt, etc. Denison House, Vauxhall Bridge Rd. (Nr. Victoria Stn.). Sat., Nov. 21, 7.30 Adm. 6d.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

VICTORY for Socialism. Conference on Colonial Affairs. Leslie Hale, M.P., M. Koinange (Ex. Kenya African Union), Peter Kempadoo (Journalist from British Guiana). Chair: William C. Elliott. Denison House, Vauxhall Bridge Rd., Victoria. Sat. Nov. 28, 3 p.m. Labour Party Mems. only. 1s. 6d.

ALL Nations Social Club. "American Policy in the Far East" by Stephen Pollock. Monday, November 23, 8 p.m., at 245 Harrow Rd., Paddington, W.2. Questions and discussion. Non-members 1s. 6d. at door.

HAMPSTEAD Schools' Crisis. A Headmistress speaks on Communist Policy. Thursday, Nov. 26, 8 p.m. Town Hall, opposite Belsize Park Station. Adm. 3d.

SHAW Soc. present "Scraps & Shavings" (Shaw, Brahms-Simon &c.), Nat. Book League, 7 Albemarle St. Dec. 7, 7 p.m. 1s. 6d.

ANNUAL General Meeting British Rumanian Friendship Assoc. Welcome to mems. & friends to elect Executive Cttee. & discuss Annual Report, Mon., Nov. 23, 7, 33 Pembridge Sq., W.2 (Notting Hill Gate). Chair.: D. N. Pritt, Q.C. Refreshments.

WEST African Arts Club. Hugh Tracey speaks on S. African music, recordings, colour films. Ganda musicians, xylophone & harp, 3 Mangbetu dances, N. Congo. 1 Hans Crescent, Knightsbridge, 8 p.m., Thurs., November 26. Adm. free.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1, November 28, at 6 p.m. M. Maurice Nitreau (Alliance Française): "Une grande université de province: Poitiers et les traditions estudiantines heritées de Rabelais."

SOVIET Attitude to Arts. G. Alexandrov, S. Obraztsov, John Alexander, Bernard Stevens. Chair.: Gordon Sandison. Sat., Nov. 21, 3-7 p.m., Beaver Hall. 2s. 6d. (Arranged by S.C.R.)

CANCELLED S.C.R. Events, Nov. 24: Volga-Don film. Nov. 26: Local Government lecture.

CHILDBIRTH without Pain—Dr. F. Lamaze (Paris) & Dr. M. Kazantseva (Moscow) will lecture on methods now practised in France and the U.S.S.R. St. Pancras Town Hall, Sun., Nov. 29, 7.30 p.m. Tickets 2s. 6d. & 1s. 6d. National Assembly of Women, 58 Berners Street, W.1. MUS. 9750.

BELGIAN Institute, 6 Belgrave Sq., S.W.1. Thurs., Nov. 26, 6.30 p.m. Lecture in English by Professor Alfred Marzorati, holder of the Belgian Chair, Univ. of London. Subject: "The Post-War Belgian Congo." Admission free.

BUDDHIST Society. Special Public Lecture 6.30 p.m., Wed., Nov. 25, at Caxton Hall, S.W.1. "Art and Logic in Buddhism": Dr. D. Friedman. Read "The Middle Way," the Journal of the Buddhist Society.

ANGLO-GERMAN Association. Sir Harold Nicolson will lecture on Thurs., Nov. 26, Caxton Hall, Westminster, 6.30.

"HOW to Write Poetry"—Week-end on creative writing, Dec. 4-6. (J. Rowan); programme from Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon.

PERSONALIST Group. "What does Christianity Mean—A Semantic Discussion." L. S. Bush, J. B. Coates, B. Druitt and N. Glaister, 20 Buckingham Street, W.C.2, November 25, at 7.30 p.m.

SOCIETY for Sex Education & Guidance. "Society's Attitude to Prostitution": Mr. T. F. Davis. Wed., November 25, 7 p.m. Conway Hall. Admission free.

HECTOR Hawton: "Is Philosophy still possible?" At Ethical Church, 4a Inverness Place, W.2. Sun., Nov. 22, 6.30 p.m.

"THE Most Intelligent Animal—the Elephant." A lecture will be given by Lt.-Col. J. H. Williams, O.B.E., for St. Marylebone Public Libraries, at Stern Hall, 33 Seymour Place, Marble Arch, on Monday, Nov. 23, at 8 p.m. Admission Free.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

LONDON Jewish Graduates' Assocn. Mr. Stanley Mayne, General Secy. of the Institute of Professional Civil Servants, will speak on "The Professional Worker." Arts Theatre Club, Great Newport St., W.C.2, Tues. Nov. 24 at 8 p.m. Visitors 2s.

THE London Jewish Society. Maurice Orbach, M.P., on "Antisemitism in Trade & Industry," Thursday, Nov. 26, 8 p.m., Arts Theatre Club, Gt. Newport St., Leicester Sq. All welcome. Visitors 2s. 6d.

PACIFIST Universalist Service, 3.15 p.m., Sunday, Nov. 22, Denison House, 296 Vauxhall Bdge. Rd., Nr. Victoria Stn. Discourse N. J. Teape: "Personal Responsibility—the Only Solution."

CONWAY Discussion Circle, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussion in the Library on Tuesday, at 7 p.m., Nov. 24, Mrs. Lan Freed and H. J. Blackham, B.A. Debate: "Do We Need Ethics?" Admission free. Collection. Junior Discussion Group, 7.15 p.m., Friday, Nov. 27, J. Guilfoyle Williams, B.Sc., "Dreams."

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists: Lectures Suns. 7 p.m., 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday mornings at 11 o'clock. Nov. 22, Dr. W. E. Swinton, Ph.D., F.R.S.E., "Darwin and the Origin of Species." Questions after lecture. Admission free. Chamber Concert 6.30, p.m. Adm. 1s. 6d.

MRS. Le May on "South Africa, Past and Present." Fri., Nov. 27, at 8.15. All welc. No collection. London Branch, Indian Institute of Culture, 62 Queens Gdns., W.2.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

IAN Mikardo, M.P., gives the fifth in the Fabian Autumn Lecture series, Tuesday, November 24, 7.15 p.m. at Livingstone Hall, Westminster. Tickets from 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1, and at door.

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of two lectures on "Chernyshevsky's Political Action and the Origins of the First Clandestine Organizations ('Zemlya i Volya' and 'Molodaya Rossiya')" will be given by Professor F. Venturi (Cagliari) at 5 p.m. on December 1 and 3 at the School of Slavonic and East European Studies, University of Strand W.C.2. Admission free, without ticket.

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of three lectures on "Contemporary Problems of Indian Education" will be given by Mr. K. G. Saiyidain (Adviser in Education to the Government of India) at 5.30 p.m. on November 25, 26 and 27, at King's College, Strand, W.C.2. Admission free, without ticket.

CENTRAL Training Council in Child Care. University Courses in Child Care. Courses of training lasting twelve months for work in boarding out, adoption, and the supervision of children in the care of local authorities and voluntary organisations, are held annually at Birmingham and Liverpool Universities and the London School of Economics, leading to the award of the Council's Certificate in Child Care. Applications for courses starting up October, 1954, are invited from men and women aged 21 to 45, and should reach The Secretary, Central Training Council in Child Care, Home Office (15H), Horseferry House, Thorney St., S.W.1, by March 1, 1954. Applicants should be graduates with suitable experience, or have a social science, teaching, or health visiting qualification. Those who apply early are more likely to be recommended for vacancies in the University of their choice. Grants are available where need is shown. Details will be sent on request to Secretary.

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